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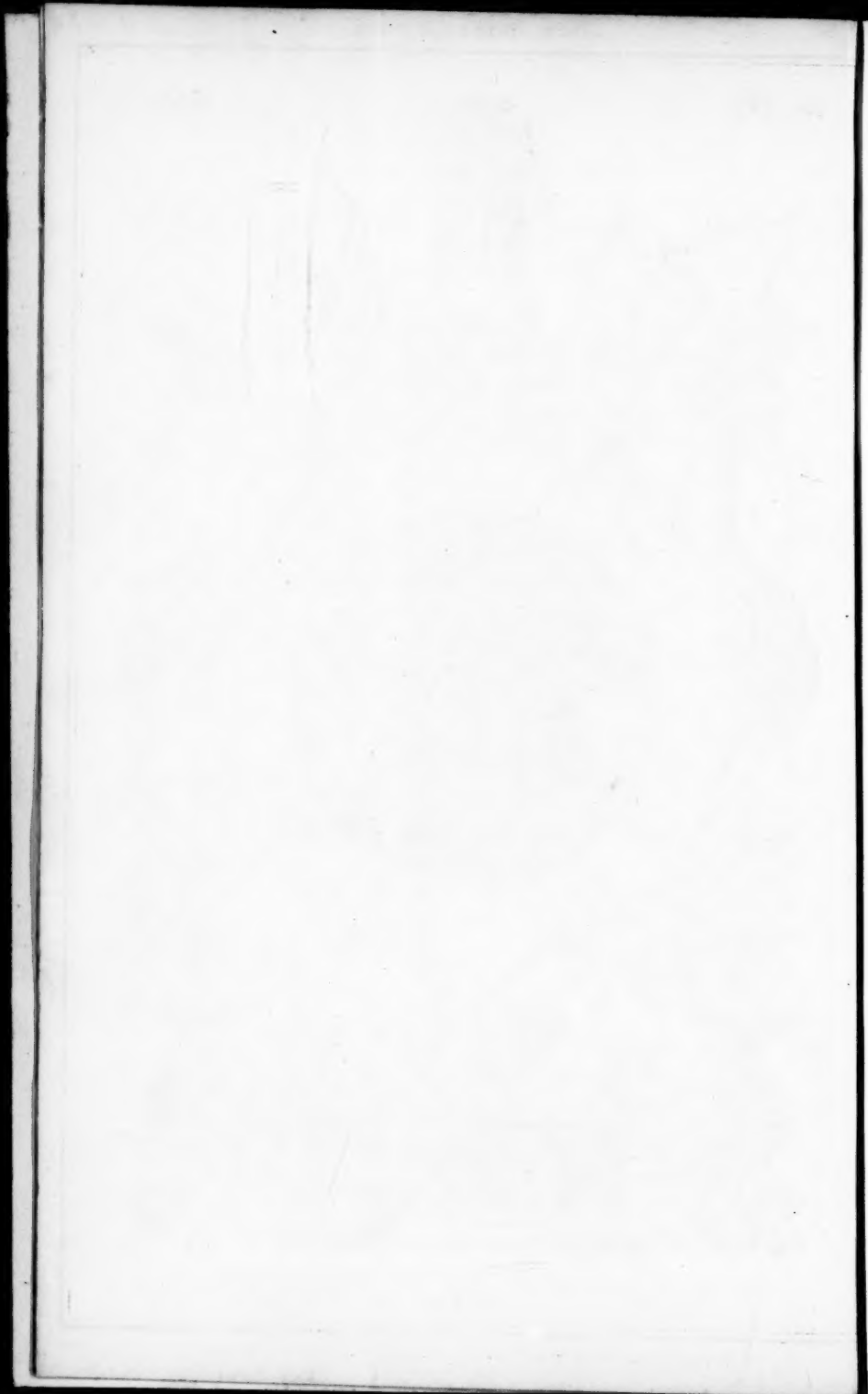
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LONDON: W. KENT & CO. DUBLIN: WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

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THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK,

AND

THE THISTLE.

VOL. V.

MAY TO OCTOBER 1864.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY THE CALEDONIAN PRESS,

LONDON: W. KENT & CO. DUBLIN: W. ROBERTSON.

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THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE MAGAZINE.

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* * The FIRST, SECOND, THIRD, and FOURTH VOLUMES of "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle Magazine*" may now be had, handsomely bound in Embossed Cloth, gilt edges, price Seven shillings and sixpence.

For the convenience of Subscribers Embossed Cloth Covers for the First, Second, Third, and Fourth Volumes are sold separately, price One Shilling each. By post, Fourteen pence.

 All communications for the Editor, and all letters on business matters, should be sent direct to the Publishing Office, 31 HANOVER STREET, EDINBURGH.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor cannot be responsible for the return of rejected Contributions. Authors are particularly requested to write on one side of the paper only.

Our Fifth Volume.

ALL universal symbols, and even those which are only national, are of great use and advantage: they orb within their magic circle a multitude of ideas of which they are the sun and centre. Could we have our wish, the Sun should be the universal type of the Deity who cares for all His creatures alike, whether as slaves they toil in the Southern plantations of Carolina, or as representative Englishmen enunciate sentiments of Freedom in the British House of Commons. But universal types are well nigh impossible, and only national emblems really serve in the wide signification they are intended to convey. The lilies of France to a Frenchman, the symbol of Brotherhood to Freemasons, and the ROSE, the SHAMROCK, and the THISTLE, to Britons, generally have a definite and national meaning. Scattered over the wide world, in Arctic desolation, in Tropic luxuriance, in fruitful climes or barren deserts, those Englishmen who receive a letter with the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle, as its seal, before the opened treasure tells them of home and friends, see England's green fields and hedges, hear the soaring lark singing in its native cloud or sunshine, or if they be townsmen, pace the well-known street of their native city.

Such is the power of symbols, and may we be pardoned if, at the commencement of our FIFTH Volume, we venture to hope we have added an extra meaning to the national emblems? Comparing the age of publications with the age of persons, we, in our *third* year, may be reckoned just *one and twenty*. We have come out, we have been introduced to the world and the world has welcomed us. Our future career must be of our own making; we

PREFACE.

have the chance and accept the struggle, confident in our intentions, and hopeful in the friends we have secured and trust to make. Just above we have referred to a new meaning attached by us to the Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle. Planting them in our garden, we set them up as signs that all who saw *them* might also see *us*;—us the women-workers busy with our task, anxious, emulous, hopefully to please in the legitimate effort of struggling to fence in woman's independence from the chilling winds of poverty as from the open attacks of flattery.

Nor have our intentions failed: welcoming our current number our friends and subscribers see in the cheerful outside of "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE MAGAZINE," not only the national symbols artistically drawn, but they also see, as through a glass, the busy fingers of our female compositors to whom they give employment; they see our presses at work, they see all the details of a Printing Establishment which, as "THE CALEDONIAN PRESS," they support and commend. Woman's work has thus become associated in idea with the symbols of our country, and is like them recognized and welcomed. This we gratefully acknowledge to the nobility, our subscribers, and to public opinion, as shown by the whole Press of the country, in criticism upon the twenty-four numbers already issued.

Thus, stimulated by experience and heartened by repeated commendations, we issue the first No. of VOLUME V., and although we have a wholesome dread of making promises we may not be able to perform, yet we renew our efforts with all confidence of maintaining the popularity we have achieved, and with the fixed determination to enlarge the good opinion of our readers, by adopting such original features in the Magazine as from time to time we may command, whilst, with a woman's conservative spirit, we shall retain and cherish those qualities and graces which have hitherto been acceptable to the subscribers of "THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK, AND THE THISTLE MAGAZINE."

THE ROSE, THE SHAMROCK,

AND

THE THISTLE.

MAY 1864.

THE LIFE AND ADVENTURES OF JACOB MORRISTON.

CHAPTER XLIV.

OF CERTAIN EMIGRANTS ON BOARD "THE HESPERUS;" AND CONCERNING A
WELL-KNOWN MELODY THAT LED TO A DELIGHTFUL DISCOVERY.

By the kindness of Mr. Williams, Jacob was enabled at once to throw up his Dinsley engagement; and, on the invitation of Mr. Horatio Johnson (with whom Mr. Williams had recently spent a day at Middleton), he took Liverpool on his way into the Principality of Wales, for the purpose of bidding adieu to a party of emigrants in whose welfare he was deeply interested.

It was a calm summer night, when Jacob and the Doctor and Mrs. Horatio Johnson, and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Titsy, sat in a corner of the best cabin of the *Hesperus* bound to Canada. The moonlight was streaming in upon them through the cabin window; Mrs. Johnson was plying her knitting needles, and looking up occasionally to make a remark; the Doctor was detailing, to Jacob, his views about the future, and the comparative ease with which money begot money in the colonies; Tom was listening to the Doctor and smiling at Susan; and Jacob was wishing them all sorts of success and happiness, and exacting promises of frequent letters, whenever a lull occurred in the conversation.

The parting hour came at last. Mrs. Johnson, though in her heart she could not altogether forgive Jacob, for we know what, united in the general feeling of sorrow at losing him; but happy in their own goodness and honest affection, not one of the four had any regrets in setting out for a new home far away from scenes with which were associated so



many bitter memories. Jacob took his leave with a variety of strange emotions, and then stood gazing after a ship which gradually disappeared, in the moonlight, to be followed by other vessels that other people looked after and waved their handkerchiefs at, and wept about, and dreamt of in the silent watches of the night.

On the following afternoon Jacob arrived at the first stage in his Welsh journeying, and found at the post-office, Neathville, according to prior arrangement, a bundle of proofs of his first book. To read these was, at that time, a labour of love indeed, even though the labour continued long after the sun had disappeared, and the moon had risen again—the same moon that was looking down on the emigrant ship, and making long white tracks on the distant ocean which now rolled between Jacob and his old friends.

Neathville was a beautiful retreat, with the sea in front, and on every other side a country studded with gray ruins of old walls and castles, the histories of which and the legendary lore that clung about the neighbourhood, were, and are still, a rich mine of instruction, poetry, and romance. The Flemish found the town itself a fishing village, and struck with its many natural advantages settled there, and, assisted by Norman allies, they fortified the place; but the Welsh many years afterwards surprised the settlers, put them to the sword and razed the fortifications to the ground. From that period (somewhere about the eleventh century), until after the advent of Oliver Cromwell, the history of Neathville had been one of great interest—a story of war and tribulation, of piracy and bloodshed, of sack and famine, of heroism and bravery; and in all quarters the antiquary could lay his fingers upon some fine memento of the greatness and the littleness of past ages. There was an old castle, a grey church, filled with quaint memorials, some ruined walls, the remains of a priory, medicinal springs, and a variety of other attractions; besides the fringe of rocks which skirted the bay and ran out in picturesque pinnacles into the sea.

At the period of my story, the fine sandy beach was not the promenade of fast gentlemen, from town, looking through eye-glasses at fast ladies from the same place; nor had the donkey driver made his appearance. At the most fashionable hour in the day, Jacob saw only a few groups of people on the immense tract of beach, which stretched away until it seemed to join the clouds at a famous point where many a ship had been lured to destruction in the dark days of the wreckers.

Musing with his own thoughts, which were chiefly occupied with the design of writing a full explanation of his position to Lucy, and endeavouring to fix an interview which should be final “for weal or woe,” Jacob was returning home one evening not long after his arrival in Neathville, when, as if in response to his feelings, there fell upon his ear the faint melody of a strain so familiar to him, that at first he thought it but the creation of his own fancy. A powerful memory and strong imagination will play strange tricks with the senses some-

times ; but Jacob was soon convinced that the music which he heard was a charming reality. It stole over the rocks, in undulating cadence, and transported Jacob back to days of yore, as completely as though he had been under some such spell as Mesmer might have worked in taking the reason prisoner, and planting the mind with whatever picture the enchanter willed. Jacob was again in the garden at Middleton with the morning sun shining upon him, and the factory hymn blending with the sound of falling waters, and the songs of birds.

“ There is a happy land,
Far, far away.”

High over the rocks above him, from a noble half-castellated house, came the well-known music. And, as Jacob listened, all the sensations of hope, and fear, and doubt, and dread which he had felt when he looked on the foot-prints in the snow at Cartown, replaced the first thoughts of the old home, and the garden-paradise. There was only one voice which could sing that song so sweetly, so plaintively. A harp accompaniment added to the effect of the dear old melody, and with the murmur of the sea, as a deep bass, and Jacob's own strong imagination and memories of happy times, my readers will readily believe that the music was an attraction which Jacob neither strove nor desired to resist. To go round by the regular path, to reach the house situated on the summit of the rocks, were a tedious process indeed for Jacob in this mood. Straight to the house, whence the music came, was his only course, and away he went with the alacrity of a practised Alpine climber. There had been a time when his mind would not, under similar circumstances, have strayed for a moment from the object of his climbing ; but now that he was an author, the demon of “ copy,” which sometimes startles writers at all hours, suggested to him, what a capital situation it would be, supposing he were writing a novel out of his own experiences, to make himself fall over the rocks and be discovered by his mistress just in time to save his precious life, and once more swear eternal love to each other. In fact it was only the other day, that Jacob, as an author, suggested to me, that I might make some use of the idea in this history of my friend's career ; but I think it best to give the incidents as they really occurred, and let them make their own way.

Avoiding further digression I proceed to state that Jacob did not fall, although his path was made additionally dangerous by the starting up, here and there, of flocks of sea-birds, which filled the air with strange cries, compelling Jacob to pause and listen for the music to the source of which he was hurrying. He had scarcely reached the summit when the melody changed to a new and an unknown one : but, a few moments afterwards, when he had stepped aside from the full view of the room with its tall windows opening out upon a lawn, Jacob detected some simple words which he had written for Lucy Cantrill when he was a school-boy and had dreams by the Cartown river.

I have said that the windows were wide open. Screening himself behind a figure of Neptune, which stood in the centre of the lawn, Jacob looked into the room, as an erring mortal, tempted by Naiad strains, might have gazed into some sea-beat grot. How like, and yet how unlike his Lucy, was the lady who now sat conjuring from a Welsh harp, music that Ariel might have made in Prospero's island. Jacob's heart told him quickly enough who and what the musician was. Still the old times did not seem so distinct, now that he looked upon her once more, as they had appeared when he heard the factory hymn coming over the rocks ten minutes previously. Then he had thought of Lucy as he saw her under the apple tree in Cantrill's little garden by the wood: then he thought of Lucy, in her straw hat, simple bodice, and provincial skirts, walking by his side with just sufficient coquettishness to fill him full of doubts and fears, and excite the wish that he were old enough to marry her before some more gallant knight should carry her off. But now he saw another Lucy and yet the same. The soft blue eyes as of yore, the fairly full lips, the hair a shade darker, the figure taller and that of a woman. It was Lucy refined, not so much by fashion as by education, and the effect of living in an aristocratic atmosphere; it was the beautiful girl of the old times grown into the lovely woman and bearing all the impress of the great Artist's finishing touches.

By and bye the hand, which had wandered over the strings, fell gently by the performer's side, and the lady looked upwards; it seemed to Jacob as though her eyes were fixed upon him. A moment previously he had hurriedly decided to present himself at the house in the usual manner, and inquire for Miss Thornton, fearing that the more romantic fashion of walking in at the window, after a scramble over the rocks, might alarm her in whom he felt so deep an interest. But that might not be, for Lucy came forth, passed across the lawn, close by where he stood or rather crouched, and, leaning over the terrace which surmounted the rocks, gazed pensively out to sea. Jacob felt that he could not escape without attracting her attention; so he rose quietly and walked towards where she stood, and in a soft voice said "Lucy."

Lucy turned round with a startled, doubtful look. Jacob put forth his arms, and, in another moment, the schemes of Cavendish Thornton, Esq., with regard to the great match intended for his niece, were scattered to the winds.

* * * * *

Jacob went to his hotel apartments that night a very happy fellow. He had told Lucy his story; and she had said something about her own. He needed no confession of her love; of its truth and constancy he had sufficient evidence in the singing of those simple words, which had been a boyish tribute to her in the golden days of Cartown. He was certainly puzzled to know why she had not received his letters; though he was hardly surprised that her inquiries, concerning himself had been so unsuccessful. But he cared little or nothing about these minor

circumstances now. He could not, however, help remembering that they seemed to disturb Lucy a good deal; and that he had promised to write to Cartown and make some inquiries concerning the letters which he had addressed to her there. He fulfilled this promise at once, and by the same post wrote to Ginghems' to say that he should not be prepared to send "copy," for the Welsh work, so quickly as he had at first anticipated. The result of Jacob's post-office inquiries are sufficiently set forth in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XLV.

OF A STORM ON THE WELSH COAST AND THE HAPPY CALM WHICH
FOLLOWED IT.

THE conversation between Miss Thornton and Dorothy Cantrill, recorded in a previous chapter of this history, will be sufficient explanation of Lucy's residence on the Welsh coast. But it is desirable to add that the season in which Jacob discovered her there was to be the last of her stay prior to a final entry into society. Mr. Thornton had been with her as frequently as his old habits would permit; and had, only two days prior to Jacob's arrival, once more arrived on a long visit to his lovely niece, who was accompanied in her retreat by Mr. Thornton's old housekeeper, two terribly clever lady companions, and Allen, who had been added to her domestic staff as a particular mark of her uncle's kindness and solicitude.

A few days after Jacob's sudden appearance by Lucy's side, Mr. Thornton, as was his wont, having partaken of his coffee and dry toast in his own apartment, went into the drawing-room to have ten minutes' chat with his niece, prior to his morning walk.

"Sir!" said Lucy, throwing herself up to her full height as he entered and with a quivering lip—"Mr. Thornton!"

"Lucy, dear child," said the old man, "what can possibly be the meaning of this?"

"Do not call me dear child, Mr. Thornton; let us understand each other better; your own pride is far dearer to you than I, though I would not have thought you would endeavour to support it by a mean action."

"Lucy, what is the meaning of this?" exclaimed Mr. Thornton, trembling more with amazement than with anger.

"The meaning is this," said Lucy, her eyes flashing with unwonted brilliancy, "that accepting a trust bequeathed to you by a heart-broken father, who laid down his life for the honour of his family and the glory of his king, you have betrayed it, sir—grossly betrayed it."

"Lucy, you are mad; you know not what you say."

"Alas! I know too well, too well, Mr. Thornton," said Lucy, bitterly;

"it is now nearly five years since you found me living contentedly in happy humbleness, to transplant me into a world of splendid misery."

"Misery, Lucy! this is indeed hard: my every thought has been about you, and your happiness," said the old man, sitting down and waiting for the remainder of Lucy's speech, as one who is about to resign himself to a piece of terrible injustice.

"My happiness! Fie, uncle! say the credit and glory of your family. Say rather that your thoughts have been more with family portraits and musty traditions, than with the thoughts and feelings and desires of the living."

"Lucy! Lucy," exclaimed Mr. Thornton, rising hastily, "I cannot permit this, I *will not* permit it."

"Perhaps you had better ring the bell, and order me to the door," said Lucy, with a sarcastic emphasis that would have astonished anybody else, who knew her, as much as it did Mr. Thornton, who resumed his seat impatiently.

"When you found me, sir, you found me happy, if you found me poor; you found me happy in the love of one who had no great name or fortune to recommend his suit, but who had a warm truthful and noble heart, and who would not have soiled his fingers with dishonour, for a dukedom."

Lucy walked about the room, as she spoke, like one beside herself, stopping before Mr. Thornton to make her points, as they would say in theatrical parlance, with an effect that was striking because of its earnestness, and growing eloquent in her attack on her uncle out of her very sincerity.

"Knowing of this prior attachment you have taken every possible means to supplant it. But, above all, you have intercepted my letters, sir; you have torn my heart with thoughts that I could kill myself for harbouring; and, but for one of those occurrences which you will call accident and which I call the work of a kind and all-seeing Providence, you would have sent me to the grave a miserable broken-hearted woman; the fitting act of the brother of him whose son was my wretched father."

The memory of the sufferings of her father, whose last letters she knew by heart, broke down some of that firmness and indignation which had braced her up to this encounter with her uncle, and the tears came welling into her eyes as she went on:

"And to think that I should have doubted him; to think that whilst I have been revelling in every luxury and trying to pluck out his image from my heart, that the remembrance of me has kept him up, and that I knew it not; that he should never have received my letters; and that I might in a moment of mistaken duty to you, sir, have given my hand to another—this hand which is his by every tie that binds true hearts and holy love. O fie! was this honourable in you? Was this worthy of those great and noble ancestors? Was this an action worthy

of our house? O! Mr. Thornton, uncle I will still call you, true greatness of name and fame cannot be maintained at the cost of deceit."

During the latter part of this speech Mr. Thornton buried his face in his hands, and was evidently very much moved; Lucy, who had now discharged her heart of its weight of indignation and passion, came to his side and laid her hand on his shoulder. She felt that he was much more moved than she had imagined, and his grey hair, which fell over a noble brow, seemed to rebuke her.

"Dear uncle," she now began, something like her real self—"dear uncle, if I have put no curb to my passion but let it run riot so that it has said words too hard, too severe, forgive me, for the sake of the memory of my poor father: I am but a woman, and I have been sorely tried."

Mr. Thornton removed one hand from his face and put it upon the one which rested on his shoulder.

"I know it has been all a mistake; I know you did not mean to be so unkind; you would have made me a princess if you could; dear uncle, you did not know how deeply I loved him; you did not know that penury with him would to me have been preferable to the riches of a kingdom without him; dear uncle, do forgive me."

The old man put his arm round his niece and drew her towards him; but still he held his head in one hand and made no reply.

"You will forgive me, uncle; he is not low born, and he is noble in act and thought and deed; and I cannot choose but love him; we poor women, uncle, when we love once, we love for ever and—"

"Where is he?" said Mr. Thornton, in a low subdued voice.

"In Neathville," Lucy replied, bending her head and speaking now almost in a whisper.

"Let him come to me," said Mr. Thornton, "let him come here."

"But have you forgiven me, uncle, those rash words I desire so much to recal."

A pressure of the hand was the only reply and the repetition of the words "send for him," and "let him come to me at once—go child, let there be no delay."

Jacob had a satisfactory interview with Mr. Thornton; and half-an-hour afterwards was walking by the sea with his betrothed on his arm. It was a sunny summer evening. The dreamy music of the ebbing water throbbing upon the still, balmy air, had a corresponding silencing influence on the lovers. A variety of emotions passed as constantly through their hearts as the evening shadows chased each other over the sea. Jacob's happiness seemed to him complete, save the transient shadow created by the thought that it would have been greater happiness still could he have taken home the fair creature who hung upon his arm, and said: "Father, this is my Lucy."

Lucy, though she now felt repaid for hours and years of fears and

anxieties, was troubled about her uncle ; she could not help feeling that she had been rash and unkind in her speech, and she longed to throw herself at his feet, now that he had so manfully atoned for everything, and beg his entire forgiveness. Having determined in her heart to do this immediately on her return, she dismissed the subject and was happy.

Then as the breeze rose slightly, and the sea began to throw up wreaths of white against the solitary rock that stood out in the bay, the lovers, in happy assurance of the future, began to talk of the past ; and when they were out of sight of house and tree, with only the overhanging rocks on one hand and the ebbing ocean on the other, Lucy was persuaded to hum the melody of that sweet hymn which had rippled out of the factory windows, in the days gone-by, and blended with the song of birds in the cottage near Cartown. What a story they had to tell each other ! What confessions of hopes and fears ! Confessions which time cut short by flying so swiftly away that the shadows seemed to come all at once ; and the stars were shining when Jacob entered Rock House with his mistress.

A few minutes previously they had watched the light of a steamer which had left the little harbour whilst they were rambling on the beach. And now they found, to their surprise, that one of the passengers on board was Lucy's uncle.

"He left this note for you, mam, when he were going, which was all of a sudden," said Mr. Allen, breathing hard and staring as fixedly as his little eyes would permit at Jacob, against whom his stiff shirt frill seemed to rise with indignation.

Lucy hastily read :

"MY DARLING NIECE,—I forgive you. Let us forgive each other. Desire Mr. Morriston to follow me in a few days to Bathton, where I wish to make some necessary arrangements with him. There is a steamer three days hence—on Monday, I think. Do not be surprised at my sudden return to Beckington Crescent ; I am an old man, and there is no time to lose.—Ever yours affectionately,

"CAVENDISH THORNTON."

CHAPTER XLVI.

OLD SCENES AND WELL-KNOWN FACES.

JACOB's departure for Bathton was accelerated, and his route thither changed, by a letter which he received on the following morning from Paul Ferris, better known to my readers as Spenzonian Whiffler. This epistle had been re-directed from Dinsley by Mr. Windgate Williams, who had traced some wonders of wit and caligraphy on the back, for Jacob's edification.

Spem's letter was brief. It merely informed Jacob that the theatre being closed for a short season, he had taken a holiday and was to be heard of, for three days, at the Blue Posts Hotel, Cartown, where we find Jacob on the evening following his happy ramble with Lucy Thornton.

"You must be awfully tired," said Spem, emerging from the dingy coffee-room of the Posts.

"I am, old boy—it's a long journey," said Jacob, handing a small portmanteau to the gaping boots, and shaking hands very warmly with his old friend.

"Waiter, send in the supper I ordered as soon as you can," said Spem.

"All right, sir, th' cook's attending to it."

"And now, Jacob, sit down and tell us all about yourself; by Jove, I have experienced the most curious lot of sensations yesterday and to-day that I ever felt."

"Have you been here so long?"

"So long! yes, it seems to me that I have been in a dream all the time. I've been tumbling and summersault throwing, in imagination, down Spawling's garden; mixing no end of Indian ink at the pump; dodging Dorothy up-stairs and down-stairs and in my lady's chamber; rambling with you over hill and dale; wondering all sorts of things about your Lucy; and I'm almost in love myself with I don't know who: but tell us all about yourself, Jacob;" and Spem thrust his hands into his pockets, then removed them, stood up, sat down, warmed his back at an imaginary fire, which Summer had covered up with paper shavings long ago, and exhibited many other signs of restlessness and excitement.

Supper was brought in whilst they conversed, which, however, did little to interrupt their animated intercourse. Jacob told Spem of his troubles and triumphs, and Spem threw in snatches of his own experiences, which, however, were not so varied or romantic as Jacob's. Spem had been hard at theatrical work for years, and his stories were of patient drudgery at home, at rehearsals, and before the foot-lights, eventually leading to that brilliant success of which we have previously heard. Moreover, he had very little to say about these things; his talk was of the past; of their first meeting; and of those days in which he was first introduced to the readers of this story. But he also talked of what he called a scrumptious creature, whom he had seen coming out of the old school-house, on the previous day, with two little girls and a boy. The most gentle, gracious, fascinating little witch he had ever seen. He had followed her over a well-known path, and, in fun, had helped the children to gather wild flowers.

"O Jacob, Jacob; what fools we are! Here was I years ago in a paradise—with *real* flowers and brooks and woods—sighing for gas-light and paint, canvas fields, and a hollow fame! It seemed to me yesterday as if I would give the world to live out my remainder of life in the old

real scenes; and, particularly, if I could enter into a fairy partnership with the Titania of yesterday. Ah, ah, ah! You see I've grown into a romantic chap in my years of discretion."

Jacob was more astonished now at the change which had apparently taken place in Spen than he had been when conversing with his old friend in London. All the fun and frolic and witty sayings of old times had passed from him. Nobody would ever have taken him for the funny man of a theatrical company. It is true his face had that peculiar sallow, closely shaven appearance, which characterize "the profession" generally; but there were strong lines in it which one would associate more with tragedy than comedy—except when the face was lit up by laughter, and then there was something essentially comic in its expression. The sandy hair had darkened into a deep brown which also tended to lessen that particularly comic look which Jacob had noticed in Spen on their first acquaintance.

"Have you ever thought of marriage, Spen?" inquired Jacob.

"Not until yesterday," said Spen, quite gravely; "and since then I've thought about little else until your arrival this evening."

Jacob laughed.

"Honour bright," said Spen, "you shall see her in the morning."

The night soon came to an end with these long severed friends; and, in the morning, they were out betimes in the old haunts fraught, to them, with so many happy and peculiar associations. Passing through the churchyard, Jacob noticed a simple granite column on the spot where Spen had told him, in the old days, that the dead clown's ghost had rebuked him for his ingratitude. At the base the grass had grown high up, and made a fringe of verdure beneath the simple word—PETROSKI. A bee was dangling in the bell of a king-cup hard by, making a drowsy hum, which added to the quiet and repose of the place and made it impressively beautiful.

"You've a noble heart," said Jacob, turning quite tenderly upon Spen, touched with this evidence of his kindly nature. "How long has this been here?"

"O! a long time, now," said Spen, linking his arm in Jacob's; "poor Pet! I should like to have put Hamlet's words about Yorick underneath the dear old boy's name, but the churchwardens and the vicar had some objection; perhaps it is better as it is; poor Petroski!"

Jacob's heart smote him when he remembered that there was one, far nearer to him than Petroski was to Spen, who might lie beneath the sod, unrecorded on the stone above, for ought he knew; and then his mind wandered away to another churchyard, where in childish days he had scattered flowers on a newly made grave, and wondered what sort of flowers grew in paradise.

He was recalled from his reverie by Spen directing his attention to the old school. The bell was already ringing, and boys were slinking

in with long eared books and greasy dinner bags. They were very different boys to those whom Jacob had seen there before. The *régime* which had succeeded that of Mr. Spawling had evidently whipped all the sprightliness and mirth out of the modern scholars. Further on they came to the school-house. After gazing at it in front, they went behind to reconnoitre, and hid themselves in the garden to see the schoolmaster go forth to his duties. Hardly were they shielded from view when a scantily clothed urchin knocked at the door, which was opened by an elderly female, with stiff grey curls hanging down each cheek and clustering about a pair of spectacles, that were supported by a thin bony nose slightly red at the extremity. Jacob grew very much excited at this apparition.

"What's the matter?" said Spen, in a whisper.

"Matter? why, it's aunt Keziah!" said Jacob.

"The devil!"

"No; not exactly that, but certainly Mrs. Gompson."

"*Mon Dieu!* The old griffin you used to tell me about. Well, keep quiet."

"Buy some pegs or laces!" said Mrs. Gompson, surveying the half-naked child from uncovered head to naked feet. "Certainly not."

"They're very cheap, mum."

"Cheap! where do you live, child?"

"Down the lane, please, mum."

"Gipsy-child? I thought so. Are you not ashamed to go about imposing upon people in this way, and endeavouring to injure the honest tradesman, who pays rent and taxes, by underselling him in the matter of laces and other articles."

"Please, mum, I didn't mean to do it," said the child, looking up out of a pair of black sparkling eyes.

"Why does not your mother dress you before she sends you out, eh? I declare it's perfectly shocking," and Mrs. Gompson surveyed the well-shapen naked legs with great indignation.

"I haven't no mother, please, mum."

"Haven't no mother! Why, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. How dare you go about the streets and lanes without a mother? And pray have you a father?"

"No, mum."

"Humph! Well, you are none the worse off for that. But I daresay you'll try to make out that you've been a stolen child, to excite sympathy thereby and further impose upon the philanthropic tenderness of the public, eh? Do you know what philanthropy is?"

"Is it something to eat, please, mum?"

"Something to eat! No, that is all such as you think about! I daresay you do not even know your alphabet?"

"No, mum!"

"Miss Winthorpe! Miss Winthorpe! Edith, I say;" shouted Mrs.

Gompson, turning her head into the house, whereupon Jacob gave further manifestations of surprise and agitation, such as had almost attracted the griffin eyes of aunt Keziah to the gooseberry and lilac bushes.

"What's the matter now?"

"Never mind," whispered Jacob, "Fate's only 'playing a lark with us, as Windgate Williams would say—let the play be played out."

"So it will be. Miss Winthorpe's got her cue; and don't you interrupt her."

A young lady in a light morning dress came to the door.

"Edith! by heavens!" exclaimed Jacob.

"O Lord!" said Spen.

"Do keep quiet, Spen, we shall be discovered," said Jacob, making much more noise than Spen himself.

"Mary! Mary! There are some cats about those gooseberry bushes again! go and drive them away! They are quite shaking the berries off," said Mrs. Gompson.

"Here's a lark!" whispered Spen.

"A bit of comedy in real life now," said Jacob, trying in vain to prevent shaking both himself and the bushes with laughter.

"I'll frighten her into fits," said Spen, pushing back his hat, lifting up his collar, dropping his jaw, and striking an idiotic attitude that showed him still to be the Spen of Cartown school. The change was as rapid as it was grotesque; the face was quite a psychological triumph. Jacob laughed several big berries to the ground.

Fortunately, however, "Mary" was making bread, and it was not convenient for her to leave the dough in which she was plunged elbow deep; so the comedy was not so abruptly closed as might have been anticipated.

"Miss Winthorpe, bring Miss Grace Wilmott, and Masters Barmby and Trundleton here."

At Edith's bidding three children, under ten, came forward accordingly.

"Now, children, I wish you to teach each other a mutual lesson. Little gipsy girl."

"Yes, mum."

"Do you see these nice, happy, well dressed young gentlemen and young lady?"

"Yes, mum."

"This happiness and luxury is the fruit not only of good breeding but of good citizenship, and education. Bear that in mind, will you?"

"Yes, mum," said the little hawker, beginning to cry.

"I thought that would affect your hardened little heart."

"Now, Miss Grace Wilmott, and Masters Barmby and Trundleton—you see this ragged dirty child?"

"Yes, marm," said the three, in a falsetto chorus.

"Those rags and bare feet and that matted hair is the result of bad

citizenship, loose habits, non-attendance at church, the want of knowing A B, ab, and c o w, cow, and other rudiments of learning which lead up to an acquaintance with the abstruse sciences. Will you remember that?"

"Yes, marm," said the chorus again.

"Very well! that is what I call a practical lesson of life; a true system of teaching social economy, and the rights and advantages of good citizenship. Gipsy girl, you may go!"

"Yes, mum," and the child, with her eyes bent on the ground, went meekly one way, whilst Mrs. Gompson marched pompously in the direction of the school.

The griffin had hardly turned away before Edith shut the door hurriedly, and Spen darted off after the little hawker.

Jacob thought it best to remain quietly where he stood and take a council of war with himself.

In a few minutes Spen beckoned him very excitedly with both hands. Jacob hastened to his friend.

"Such an adventure! such an adventure!" exclaimed Spen, his sallow face now glowing with animation.

"Well! well! what is it?"

"I'd just caught the poor little beggar at the same time as she did?"

"Who? who?"

"Titania! Flora! Dorcas! Hebe! Miranda! God knows what the right name is. She had hurried out at the front door to give the child money! And, by the Lord! I've kissed her. There, don't look black about it, I couldn't help it! She's my Fate, sir."

When Spen's excitement was a little subdued, Jacob explained to him all he knew about Edith; and ventured to predict that she had been induced to leave home and take a situation as teacher, owing to the unkind treatment and jealousy of her sisters at home.

"And what do you propose to do?" said Spen.

"To take you into the dear old house and introduce you to your Fate, if you are willing."

"Willing? Away! away! my soul's in arms and eager for the fray!"

CHAPTER XLVII.

HOW JACOB PERFORMED A DELICATE NEGOTIATION ON BEHALF OF MR. PAUL FERRIS; TOGETHER WITH OTHER INTERESTING INFORMATION.

"ON second thoughts, Spen, you had better let me see the lady alone," said Jacob, when the two were on the threshold of the well-known front door,

"My own thought with a but," said Spen.

"Well, what is the but? Go on, *mon ami*."

"Perhaps 'tis only 'much ado about nothing;' but you will remember Claudio's lines:

"Friendship is constant in all other things,
Save in the office and affairs of love:
Therefore, all hearts in love use their own tongues;
Let every eye negotiate for itself,
And trust no agent: for beauty is a witch,
Against whose charms faith melteth into blood."

"Is it come to this, i' faith," said Jacob, smiling.

"It was the flat transgression of the schoolboy, that being over-joyed with finding a bird's nest, he showed it his companion, who stole it."

"Fie! fie! Benedict's philosophy does not apply here. Edith is not in mine eye 'the sweetest lady that e'er I look'd upon;' she has only a second place."

"There, thou strikes home. But are you quite sure that all is settled between you and the Woodland Venus?"

"What! Lucy?" said Jacob, laughing at the grotesque leer with which Spen asked the question.

"The same."

"Have no fears—Edith shall be yours, Spen, if you are in earnest."

"Raise the fatal knocker then at once. When your embassy's over you'll find me at the Blue Posts, a fortifying ov myself for Coopid's answer;" and away went Spen Whiffler of old, cutting capers across the road to the intense delight of two small boys, a slipshod girl who had been sent on an errand, and a draper's assistant who had been to the big house, hard by, with some ribbons, and was vainly endeavouring to support himself, in an immoderate fit of laughter, on a treacherous yard-measure which broke and sent him sprawling upon his paper box, before Spen had pulled a single face at him.

Jacob was admitted to the old school-room by a girl with patches of paste clinging to a pair of ruddy arms, which she partly shielded with a white apron.

She didna know whether Miss Winthorpe would see him or not. What name was it? Morriston of Dinsley? Well, she'd go and tell her. He moit sit down a bit.

Jacob sat down, and happily before he had made himself very melancholy with the remembrances of the time when he sat in that room with his father on the occasion of the memorable visit to Bonsal, Miss Edith Winthorpe entered. She came forward and bowed very politely to Jacob, and said quite naturally that she was very glad to see him.

"Perhaps I should apologize for calling without an introduction," said Jacob, a little at a loss to explain his business.

"I hope 'it is not necessary for people belonging to the same town to apologize for knowing each other in a strange place."

"Thank you, Miss Winthorpe, I like your frankness; but this is more than a mere visit of courtesy: I have called upon rather a delicate business," said Jacob.

"Indeed," said Edith, losing her self-possession for a moment.

"Oh! oh!" said the doughy domestic, who had been listening at the key-hole.

Edith has confessed since that she immediately expected a declaration of love from Jacob, and that she was quite prepared to receive it kindly.

"Then, in the first place, Miss Winthorpe, I beg to tender to you the most abject apologies of a friend of mine whose love rather outran his discretion this morning."

"Indeed!" said Edith again, and this time quite in a confusion, rendered greater by a sudden doubt as to the motives of Jacob's visit.

"He is a gentleman, a man of taste and feeling, of noble and generous impulses; I have known him for years; and he has seen you."

Edith blushed a little, nodded just slightly, and began to twist her handkerchief round one of her fingers.

"To be plain with you, Miss Winthorpe, he wishes to be introduced to you, and if you can like him, he is ready to marry you whenever you will name the day. There!"

"There! Yes I think you may say there. A nice piece of business to come upon and to propound before one has spoken half a-dozen words to you, Mr. Morriston," said Edith, rising and opening the door, to the consternation of the domestic who was so deeply interested in the conversation that she stood gaping at Edith with only a vague idea that she had been caught.

"I thought I heard you, Mary," said Edith, calmly, "perhaps you will step inside and take a seat!"

Mary sneaked away and plunged her arms once more into the dough, which she beat and buffeted and rolled about in the most savage manner; and illustrations of her wrath being exhibited the next morning in the flat hard cakes that were placed on Mrs. Gompson's breakfast table.

Edith was not much disconcerted at this unpleasant incident; indeed she laughed heartily when she had closed the door upon Mary, and turning to Jacob said: "Well, what is this gentleman like? Is he handsome? Has he money? You see I am quite a woman of the world. I have left home to seek my fortune; and I must be my own mamma and solicitor in this matter."

And then she laughed again, at which Jacob was not very much pleased.

"But I think, perhaps, it would be best for me to send for Mrs. Gompson and take her advice," she said in a graver mood.

"No! no! for goodness sake," said Jacob.

"But is this the proper thing to do, Mr. Morriston, to call on a young lady when—"

"Mrs. Gompson is my aunt," said Jacob.

"Oh! now you are joking?"

"On my honour," said Jacob, "I will answer to her for your conduct."

Then Jacob begged Edith to listen calmly to all he would tell her; whereupon, in a most business-like manner, he described his own position and prospects, spoke of his great esteem for her, and his knowledge of her history; and then entered fully into his early friendship with Mr. Paul Ferris, and related succinctly all he knew about his friend.

When Jacob talked of Spen's profession, Edith's attention became particularly earnest; her bright eyes sparkled with enthusiasm as he related the story of Spen's gradual success; and she clasped her hands with delight when Jacob described his recognition of his old friend on that brilliant night in the London theatre. Seeing how deeply the story interested her, Jacob dwelt longer upon this theme than he would otherwise have done.

"But, but I felt very much insulted, sir, this morning," said Edith, checking her evident interest in Mr. Ferris's history.

"He bitterly repents of his conduct; only pleading in extenuation your beauty and his love for you."

Finally, Edith granted Jacob permission to introduce Mr. Ferris to herself and Mrs. Gompson: not that there was any necessity that the advice of the latter should be obtained; for Mrs. Gompson, besides having no control over Edith (who had only been in Cartown a few days), had neither the love nor esteem of her teacher; and Mrs. Winthorpe was a poor weak woman in the hands of two hard-hearted stiff-necked daughters, who would have gladly encompassed their pretty sister's ruin, and who had forced her from home, their cruelty even surpassing that of Cinderella's wicked persecutors. So, like many another girl, Edith was thrown upon her own resources. She had obtained her present situation through an advertisement, and it was quite open for her now, to use her own judgment and feelings entirely in the matter of the suit of Mr. Ferris, whose delicate attention in gathering flowers for the children had not escaped her notice. His profession, which would have been the greatest barrier to many young ladies, was to Edith one of his recommendations. A girl of spirit, a good musician, possessing a fine voice and an artistic taste, delighting in operatic music, and with a memory filled with her father's stories of theatrical life when he was leader of a London orchestra, Edith would gladly have chosen the stage for her own profession had she known how to proceed; but to mention a theatre at home was to incur the penalty of a lecture from two bad sisters and a weak silly mother and all sorts of penances besides. Moreover, there was something about Mr. Ferris which Edith liked; and Jacob's plea in his favour was so eloquent, and Jacob's announcement of his own forthcoming marriage so decisive; and the certainty of being relieved from a life of drudgery so attractive; that Edith, weighing all things carefully and putting into the scale a little liking for the man and

much hope that true love would follow, made up her mind to receive Mr. Paul Ferris very graciously.

Inquiries at the inn and elsewhere led to the information that Mr. Spawling had been succeeded, as schoolmaster, by Mr. Gompson from London; who after a little time had been joined by his wife when the Morriston establishment at Middleton was broken up. The town had been a good deal scandalized at the domestic brawls of this uncongenial couple, and had not Mr. Gompson given up the ghost, and retired from the business altogether, the school committee would have discharged him. On his decease, Mrs. Gompson, who had shown great masculine power in dealing with the boys during her husband's illness, and whose mode of instruction seemed to be more successful than that of her husband's, was reinstated as head of the school, and had retained her position ever since.

"She's gotten a rum way with th' lads, sir," said the rural waiter, "when she's goin to lick one on 'em she pitches th' cane from one end of the room to the other, and makes him fetch it: when he's fetched it she leathers into him like all that."

"And how do the school committee get along with her?"

"O, she's master of them too; they're all afraid of her; but she's not a bad schoolmissis, so fur as learning goes, I've heard say: she's up to all the new dodges of spelling, and writing, and 'rithmetics, and all that."

"It's all right," said Jacob, dashing into the dingy coffee-room; "I've wooed her for you more earnestly than Viola in trousers wooed the Countess."

"But which way have you succeeded; if only after the Viola fashion, then farewell the tranquil mind," said Spen, half theatrically, half seriously.

"Go to—I have unclasp'd to thee the book of Fate—thou may'st have her if thou wilt; an' thou wilt not, thou'lt lose a wench of rare mettle.

" ' Let still the woman take
An elder than herself; so wears she to him,
So sways she level in her husband's heart.' "

"Methinks we are just a match, Jacob, I being some years her senior. We'll speak with the maid ourself, good Jacob," and Spen strode right royally to the fire-place and rung the bell.

"Waiter; a bottle of the best—the wine I spoke of," said Spen, to the clown who answered his ringing; "and now, Jacob, without further fooling, let us discuss this matter. What did she say? how did she look?"

Jacob related as nearly as possible all that had taken place; and the two agreed to wait upon the griffin and the fairy after dinner.

Meanwhile Jacob sat down to write letters, and Spen smoked his cigar, in the smoke of which he tried to read his destiny. In his wild eccentric way he loved Edith ; she was the first sunny thing he saw on revisiting the haunts of his youth, and it seemed to him that the charms of the old place were all personified in her. It may appear strange to some of my readers, that this comic gentleman who painted his face and made people laugh, and whose pathos in real life, was often almost like burlesque, should be so love-stricken at the first sight of a mere country girl. But Edith Winthorpe was no ordinary being ; we have seen how much she interested Jacob, and we must not forget that actors are only mortal after all, with hearts and minds as susceptible as those of other people, and with often a genuine romance in their very natures which may lift some of them to a loftier and more devoted height of love and friendship than those who follow professions outside the pale of art.

(To be concluded in our next.)

RAILWAYS AND RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

MR. CARLYLE tells a story to the effect that he once found himself sharing a compartment of a railway carriage with an intelligent farmer of decidedly sanguine temperament. It was a bright summer's day, and the train was speeding gloriously through the heart of the manufacturing districts; every stroke of the engine piston revealing new scenes of life and activity. This combination of circumstances was producing visible effects on the mind of the bucolic gentleman; who, turning to Carlyle, suddenly eased himself by saying: "*Successful world this, on the whole, isn't it, sir?*" We are not informed of the rejoinder: we confess to a little curiosity about it. The expression of opinion in this queer manner tickled the fancy of our Chelsea sage mightily we know; may it not also have arrested his attention and suggested some sober thought.

However it was, railways have certainly performed their part in the onward march of improvement. They have modified society in each of its relations, and in almost every aspect in which we are accustomed to view it. They have created new centres of population; opened out fresh places of resort, and wonderfully increased the facilities for reaching all parts of the kingdom, whether near or remote. Little more than half a century ago, if we may trust the pictures presented by such books as the "*Life of Doctor Alexander Carlyle*," or Lord Cockburn's "*Memorials*," Englishmen crossing the Tweed would find themselves among a people, whose ways and language were nearly as strange to them as those of the French or the Dutch. Now, thanks to our railway system, which has exercised such a modifying and assimilating influence on the people of the two countries, the English tourist is rather surprised, than otherwise, at the absence of any striking natural peculiarities among his fellow subjects in the North. No less is this true of the Scotchman when he crosses the Border. He learns that, on the whole, the people among whom he has come, live, dress, and talk (of course with some local variations as in Scotland) much in the same way as the friends he has left behind him. Thus, by enabling all classes to travel, railways have broken down the barriers which separated the different parts of our common country; made all better acquainted with its form, beauty, and proportions; and with the tastes, the arts and devices of its population.

The time saved by railways is incalculable; they may be said to have lengthened the span of life three or four fold. Let the reader think, for a moment, of the general punctuality of railway trains, and of their speed and regularity; and then cast in his mind for incidents of which he may have heard in connexion with the old mode of travelling. Then time was ever of less consequence than safety. Coaches were advertised to

start, "God willing,"* or on or about such and such an hour as shall seem good to the majority of the passengers. Exactly a hundred years ago, a fortnight was consumed in the journey between London and Edinburgh, the coach only starting once a month. Now we may sup in the English metropolis, and reach Edinburgh, after a journey of ten hours, in time for breakfast! What a powerful impetus has been given to trade and commerce by the iron roads! How the giant force of steam has equalized the prices of every kind of commodity, is clearly apparent to both buyer and vender. A century ago London was fed with salt meat during the whole winter. Now express meat trains, drawn by two engines, daily leave the Granite city reaching London in twenty-four hours! Every morning a fish train leaves Dunbar for the English metropolis, while more are despatched from other localities.

On the other hand, these changes have scarcely been effected harmlessly. The revolution worked by railways seems to have been brought about at the expense of some social interests and physical enjoyments of no little value and importance. With the facilities now afforded for rapid locomotion and frequent inter-communication, there has been a corresponding change in the habits of the people: in fact, a devotion of more time to business, to the neglect of means adapted to secure vigorous physical health. The last was a more social age: at any rate, when travelling had to be done; for then the great work of money-making went hand in hand with, and lent its aid to, the supply of wants of a less exigent character. Railways have, in a great measure broken up an unselfish alliance which used to exist between travellers of every grade: now business and adventure, pleasure and poverty, as a rule, all travel sulkily together. Then, the hundred little incidents by the road; the wayside changing; the hospitable inn; the cheerful fireside gossipings o' winter nights made travelling enjoyable, and helped to divert the mind from any anxiety that might be seeking for possession. Now we speed along knowing nothing, and caring less, of our *vis-a-vis*; sometimes shunning conversation, until, perhaps, a collision, or something nearly as unpleasant, blends us into a kind of intimacy!

Our purpose, however, in the present paper, is not to speak of the subject of railways generally, so much as of the results of railway travelling upon the health and comfort of those who thus travel. These results in the present day are said to be far different, and far more vital, than was fancied in the infancy and childhood of the railway scheme. At first it was innocently wondered whether any passengers would be found who would consent to be whirled through space at the rate of twelve or fifteen miles an hour! The new kind of travelling was likened to Lapland witches driving through the seud! It was urged, and somewhat truly, that, so far

* Mr. Robert Chambers tells of one of these old world conveyances, which had resolution enough to advertise that it would start from Edinburgh for a northern burgh at a certain time on the "Tuesday (God willing), but on Wednesday, *whether or no!*"

as seeing the country was concerned, travellers would be transported from point to point as if by some obliging Genii of Eastern story. Then the dangers with which they were threatened, should they choose these unearthly means of conveyance, were innumerable: they were to be suffocated in tunnels by the carbonic acid gas generated by the engine fuel; or, if they escaped suffocation, they would without doubt "acquire colds, catarrhs, or consumptions," which might last them for life. When the Liverpool and Manchester line was first projected, pamphlets were written and newspapers were hired to revile the undertaking. Vested interests, as is too commonly the case, indulged in gloomy forebodings of what would occur to those who should knowingly spurn the ways of Providence—which ways were, of course, the king's highways! Nor was this all. Not only would injury occur to travellers, but other interests, determinately opposed to the whole business, would suffer likewise. It was declared that the formation of the proposed railway would prevent cows grazing and hens laying; the poisoned air from the locomotives would kill or injure every living thing it came near! "House-holders," says Mr. Smiles, in his interesting "Life of George Stephenson," "adjoining the proposed line, were assured that their houses would be burnt up by the fire from the engine chimney, whilst the air around would be polluted by clouds of smoke. There would no longer be any use for horses; and, if railways extended, the species must become extinct, and hay and oats thus be rendered unsaleable commodities." It is infinitely amusing to recal to mind how thoroughly obnoxious the whole railway venture was to the great majority of the English people of the last generation. Stephenson, when making the survey of the new line, was more than once roughly handled, the land-owners threatening to duck him in the pond if he proceeded; another told him he "was a maniac only fit for Bedlam." Major Sibthorpe promised an armed resistance, threatening to shoot the first man who approached his land to make a survey for another line. When the London and Birmingham railway was contemplated, the Hertfordshire landowners wished "its concocters at rest in Paradise." All the regular engineers, technical schoolmen, and legal luminaries seem to have banded together to oppose the schemes and throw odium upon them. George Stephenson was subjected to a perfect fire of question and cross-question, when that unlettered, untaught man, with imperfect utterance, laboured to unfold his wild scheme to the accumulated wisdom of the country in committee room assembled. One little incident there was, which shines out like a gleam of rich sunshine in this ill-humoured and unequal contest, and which will bear repeating. In the course of the inquiry on the first railway bill, before a Committee of the House of Commons, an honourable member put the following question to Stephenson: "Suppose, now, one of your engines to be going along a railroad at the rate of nine or ten miles an hour, and that a cow were to stray upon the line and get in the way of the engine; would not *that*, think you, be a very *awkward* circumstance?" "Yes," replied our honest

Northumbrian, with a gay twinkle in his eye, "very awkward indeed—for the coo!" It is on record that the honourable member gave no more trouble to the collier witness for the remainder of the day!

The objections urged against railways remind us very forcibly of the opposition to another of the greatest social blessings, of our own day, introduced a few years after the advent of railways. We refer to the penny postage movement, and the honourable exertions of Mr., now Sir Rowland Hill.* The *Quarterly Review*, commenting on the measure which ordained a trial of the scheme of penny postage, said: "It was one of the most inconsiderate jumps in the dark ever made by that inconsiderate assembly." A few years before, the same review had ridiculed the railway scheme. As a good specimen of the spirit which sees nothing but evil in every great social improvement, we find Raikes in his "Diary," vol. iii., writing thus:—"The Chancellor of the Exchequer, in bringing forward his Budget, has proposed that the postage on a single letter should be reduced to one penny. This will increase the number of idle scribblers; be of little benefit to the lower classes, who seldom have occasion to write; and is likely only to advantage the commercial houses and bankers who can well afford to pay the postage." Even the clear-headed Sidney Smith, and the political economist, McCulloch, were opposed to penny postage. The opposition outside the post-office, however, only constituted a tithe of the difficulties which Mr. Hill had to contend with. The authorities themselves, being almost unanimously against the measure, exhibited the most admirable *esprit de corps*, presenting a phalanx before which any outsider, made of ordinary stuff, might have quailed. Lord Lichfield, the then postmaster-general, thus described the penny post measure: "Of all the wild and visionary schemes which I have ever heard of, it is the most extravagant." On another occasion in the House of Lords, 18th December, 1837, he said that if the plan was adopted, "the walls of the post-office would burst; the whole area, in which the building stands, would not be large enough to receive the clerks and letters." And yet St. Martin's le Grand is still standing, as elegant a structure as ever! Colonel Maberly, then Secretary of the post-office, denounced, as impracticable and impossible, a scheme which has not only been carried out in this country with incalculable advantage to every individual, and every interest, but which has since been applied in every part of the civilized world!

George Stephenson, equally with Sir Rowland Hill and penny postage, had the satisfaction of outliving all the objections to railways which were urged in his day. Now, however, that they have been exploded, we are threatened with other dangers of which railway originators never dreamt.

* This great reformer, to whom the nation owes a deep debt of gratitude, has just retired from the post-office service, with health shattered by his long and arduous labours.

Thus, Lord Shaftesbury, in his evidence before a Committee of the House of Commons in 1859, is reported to have said: "The very power of locomotion keeps persons in a state of great nervous excitement, and it is worthy of attention to what an extent this effect prevails. I have ascertained that many persons, who have been in the habit of travelling by railway, have been obliged to give it up in consequence of the effect on the nervous system. I think that all these things indicate a tendency to nervous excitement, and in what it may issue I do not know."

This, and other expressions of opinion, and the question often put to medical men as to the physical and mental effects of railway travelling seem to have resulted in a Commission, appointed, we believe, by the proprietors of the *Lancet*. The report of this Commission—consisting principally of the faculty—appeared in instalments in the *Lancet*; and it has subsequently been reprinted in a handy little brochure, and thus brought within the reach of every railway traveller.* It is to be regretted that so much in this useful little volume is simply the result of individual impressions of cases, which have from time to time come under the notice of different members of the medical body, and not in the ordinary acceptation of the term, the result of a Commission where lengthy evidence is taken, weighed, and digested. In this respect, in fact, the machinery for Committees of the Houses of Lords and Commons is unrivalled and unapproachable. As usual, where a number of medical gentlemen are engaged, the evidence, as well as the conclusions arrived at, are doubtful and conflicting. Thus, at the outset, one of the number thinks, page 4, that we have now experience enough of railway travelling to justify a systematic inquiry, "with reasonable prospects of attaining reliable results, and determining many harassing doubts;" while, on the other hand, we find another physician saying, at page 75, that our experience is not sufficiently great to enable him to state positively the ultimate effect of this new habit on the constitution or health of the people who thus travel. With regard, also, to the influence of railway travelling on the same kind of disease, according to one authority, a person afflicted with disease of the vertebral column, is able to endure a long railway journey with ease; another, so afflicted, suffers so much prostration from the same journey, that she does not recover for several days. A "leading physician" gives evidence, that the season-ticket holders on the Brighton line appeared to him "to grow old with a rapidity which amazed him;" and yet commercial travellers (than whom no class of commercial men are more constantly travelling, or live more highly) are stated to be, as a rule, more healthy and longer lived than their predecessors who went their journey in coach or gig. We should have thought that the condition of the *employés* of the different railway companies would have been thoroughly investigated as affording a reasonable hope of some settlement of the question. "No reliable results are obtained," say the Commission, however, "as the companies keep no

* "The Influence of Railway Travelling on Health." Hardwicke, London.

proper records on the subject, owing to an absence of centralization and want of uniformity in the sickness and death returns." "Amongst the superior officers of the companies, however," it is added, and some of the *surgeons* connected with them, an impression prevails that the railway *employés* may be regarded as a *healthy* body." Individual cases are noted, notwithstanding. Among the men themselves, they find that they age rapidly, and always begin young. "They can't stand it, lose their heads, and become old men in no time," as they learnt from "an experienced engine driver." From these isolated cases, however, no conclusions can possibly be drawn, and the Commission avoid doing so. Resort is then had to France, where, according to the doctors, they manage things better than with us. The reports from France, where the subject has had scientific treatment, are unfavourable. Diseases of the joints and muscles, facial and sciatic neuralgia, are common among railway officials. Dr. Martinet describes an affection, prevalent among them, which he was led to think a new disease: "The nervous system," says he, "is injured; the persons affected grow thin; the generative power dies out; the body is agitated by startings and convulsions; the intelligence is weakened. Cold affusions on the spine seem to me, in respect to treatment, to be the principal means which should be employed." When, added to this, it is stated that there is a notable loss of visual power amongst them; also a loss of hearing, and rheumatic affections; and that the French officials suffer less than the English, "owing to wise precautions and moderate hours of work," it is certain that these statements are either exaggerated and empirical, or that the inquiry of which we are speaking, stopped short very considerably in the investigation of a most important and vital subject.

Though railway companies, in this country, keep no proper account of such matters of fact, highly necessary to a trustworthy conclusion, it is different with the authorities of the General Post-office, who have a large number of officers constantly employed upon railways, in the performance of post-office work in railway trains. From very clear evidence, produced by the medical officer of that department, it is absolutely proved that persons in the enjoyment of good health, engaged in this employment, derive a positive benefit from railway travelling. The ratio of sickness among the post-office clerks and sorters, engaged upon railways, is said to be certainly not greater than among the same classes of men employed in stationary duties at the head office in London. Were it not that the former travel generally at night time, are exposed to sudden changes of temperature, and, on certain emergencies, compelled to travel oftener and further than the authorized limits, we are assured that the ratio *de facto* would be considerably less than it is. Dr. Lewis, the medical officer referred to, considers that from personal inquiries, and information acquired from other sources, that *ceteris paribus* tall persons are most influenced by this kind of locomotive. "A person of full habit of body, with a sounding pulse, is much

less fit for travelling duties than a more wiry individual, with little superfluous fat." He also finds that persons commencing this employment when young are best able, continuously, to endure the work well. He is convinced also that the lines constructed on the broad-gauge principle, in opposition to the more common narrow-gauge, are the less likely to exert an evil influence on travellers who suffer from the oscillation and vibration of the train.

Mr. White Cooper says "that daily experience convinces him of the injurious consequences to the eyesight, in railway travelling, on the strong inducements to read during the journey. Under the most favourable circumstances, there is on railways a vibration requiring incessant efforts on the part of the muscles and adjusting apparatus of the eyes to follow the shaking words; and, in proportion as the carriages are ill-hung or the line rough, are these efforts great. . . . There can be no doubt that the practice is fraught with danger." On the other hand, the medical officer of the post-office "does not find that in the travelling office much mischief is occasioned to the sight." The post-office work, done at night time, by a strong artificial light from oil lamps, offers the strongest and most conclusive test on this subject, inasmuch as, added to all other considerations, much tedious deciphering of the addresses of letters occurs whilst the train is progressing at a high rate of speed.

Though the question is thus on all hands surrounded with doubt and uncertainty, many suggestions of great practical importance are thrown out in the course of the inquiry. The bodily and mental fatigue, induced by long journeys, is mainly referable to the shaking and noise; and the indisputable fact that these operate more strongly in second and third class carriages than in first, at once indicates that they admit of considerable mitigation, if not of prevention. Since the little book was published, a new railway has been opened in Scotland, and, to our knowledge, not only are third class carriages partially padded, but travellers in them are supplied, equally with other passengers, with hot water tins for the feet;—a recognition of the claims of humanity very pleasing to behold. Undoubtedly the most serious effects of railway travelling is the chance of ill results on the muscular system, and its influence on the cerebral and spinal centres. "The immediate effects of being placed in a vehicle subjected to rapid, short vibrations and oscillations is that a considerable number of muscles are called into action, and maintained in a condition of alternating contractile effort throughout the whole journey. The more violent movements of the carriage call into action the various sets of muscles in the back and chest; and it is only by an incessantly varying play of muscular contraction and relaxation that the body is preserved in a tolerable state of equilibrium, and that the passenger combats with success the tendency to be shaken into a most unpleasing variety of shapes and positions." Again: "The frequency, rapidity, and peculiar abruptness of the motion of the railway carriage keep up a constant strain upon the muscles; and to this

must be ascribed a part of that sense of bodily fatigue, almost amounting to soreness, which is felt after a long journey." In railway travelling, something like 20,000 slight concussions are experienced every hour, and as the result of these joltings or concussions is more or less disagreeable and dangerous, recommendations are made for reducing the unpleasant sensations experienced. The great remedy is of course elasticity. The stuffing of first-class carriages is a recognition of the principle. The well-padded and springy seats of these carriages do much to obviate the mischief of the concussions, to those who can afford to travel in them; while, on the other hand, second, and especially, third-class passengers, who are condemned to hard boards, which transmit without mitigation the shocks of which we are speaking, are compelled to submit to an acknowledged source of evil influence on health. As third-class passengers form about 60 per cent. of the whole number of those who travel on railways, it becomes neither more nor less than a matter of simple duty, on the part of other railway companies, to alter their inhuman arrangements, and consider more the health and comfort of this large class of the community.

Then we are further assured that railways especially lead to excitement; that they induce many mental disorders; that they first of all help to overheat the late arrival (no fault of the railway); and when a passenger is overheated he is apt to indulge in open windows, "which, however pleasant," says Dr. Williams, amongst a great amount of interesting evidence, "induce catarrhal affections of the respiratory organs, sore throats, headaches, toothaches," etc. etc. Many serious and fatal cases of pulmonary disease, he assures us, have dated their origin from colds caught in a railway carriage. The majority of English folk love fresh air, and have a horror of closed windows; they prefer being chilled, to the other alternative of being suffocated. "The best way, as a rule," adds Dr. Williams, "is to keep the windows shut when the train is in motion; open when standing at the different stations. In cold weather when travelling quickly through the air, passengers stand much more risk of chill from open windows, than of any hurt from closed ones. The ventilators in each carriage are generally sufficient to keep the air fresh. When the outer temperature is above 40° Fah., and the carriage is full, an inch or two of one or both windows open may be permitted with perfect safety. In fast trains, with the outer temperature below 40°, there is circulation enough to keep the air fresh without any window open."

Observations and experiments are made with regard to the temperature of carriages. Dr. Angus Smith states that he found a closely packed third-class carriage which showed exactly the same number of cubic inches of pure air, as his own laboratory exhibited when the strong smell of a sewer entered it. But surely this is an extreme and unusual case. Even Dr. Smith confesses to the want of an efficient remedy. "It would be a great point gained if carriages could be ventilated without a violent

draught laden with dust ;” and there the subject is left, evidently on the principle that we “had better bear the ills we have, than fly to those we know not of.” Passengers, however, as a rule, are not called upon to bear any such inconveniences ; and, if they ever should be the remedy is generally in their own hands.

To sum up all, we think, we gather that healthy persons receive a positive benefit from the stimulus given to the circulation, respiration, and muscular activity by a railway journey ; while, to the weak and unhealthy, or those unused to travel, the headaches, dizziness, and weariness, of which we read and hear so much, are purely natural symptoms. With constant travellers, “their constitutions and bodies seem to adapt themselves to the circumstances.” Weak persons and occasional travellers feel weariness and fatigue, just as they will do if they occasionally indulge themselves with a day’s out-door exercise. The evils arising from the oscillation of the carriage ; the hurry and excitement so often felt before the train starts, and the extremes of temperature to be endured afterwards, may be said to be the chief perils to which the railway traveller is liable. The dust and smoke ; the grinding, rattling, and whistling are the prices we pay for the gain in time, and all the other great advantages which the railway system affords : and, really, when we come to think how many of the same or perhaps worse inconveniences we should have to encounter—“the foul weather and foul ways,” of which one celebrated traveller speaks—and no gain in time, were we to choose some other mode of conveyance, we can scarcely judge the bargain a bad one, or the price too dear. With respect to railway accidents much has been done, yet much still remains to be done. Railway companies hold human life much too cheap, though in this respect they have greatly improved of late. It is by no means pleasant to reflect, when we step into a railway carriage, of the many risks we run before we step out again. In the meantime, the traveller must be thankful that the risks are really so small as they are. An old mail-guard, who has had experience enough of both modes of travelling, has frequently descanted to the present writer, upon the greater safety to life and limb of the old coaching system over the railways of these “degenerate days !” The distinction he once drew between railway and coach accidents was certainly novel, if not very philosophical. “If,” said he, “you get comfortably capsized in a ditch, by the roadside, *there you are !* but if you get blown up by an engine, or thrown over an embankment, *where are you ?*” We have quoted statistics without any effect upon this old-world man : such, for instance, as that injuries or deaths inside the old stage coach *régime* were something like one in about ten thousand ; whilst, under the railway system, the ratio is less than one in a quarter of a million, notwithstanding that the number of travellers, and the miles travelled over, have increased most marvellously ! When old stagers are so obstinate, and doctors differ as we have seen, habitual travellers must have recourse to their own judgment ; and, what is of considerable import-

ance, to their own experience. The present writer has had occasion to travel by railroad many thousands of miles, within the past few years; and this amount of journeying has been accomplished without any more serious results than a few headaches and an occasional attack of indigestion. *Once* only, in the way of accidents, did he experience a slight, sharp concussion, which had the effect to the system of a gentle tonic! And now, while fully recognizing the dangers incident to railway travelling and ever conscious that our lives are in God's hands, we would rather rejoice in the achievements of steam, and point to railways and railway travelling as one of the latest and grandest triumphs of civilization, than take any great alarm at the revelations which the faculty have been making.

W. L.

COLLIERS OF SOUTH STAFFORDSHIRE.

BY THOMAS PARTON.

As the subject of coal has become of such vast importance at the present day, and deriving, as we do, so many industrial advantages from its production, it cannot be deemed uninteresting, or unimportant, to say a little about the men who are engaged in the extraction of so valuable a substance. In the midst of our fireside enjoyments, and profitable speculations, we are very apt to forget the fact, that some 300,000 of our fellow-beings are engaged above and below the surface of the earth, in getting and distributing the valuable fuel coal. Without their labours England could not boast of her superiority: for it is to her mineral possessions that she owes much.

" Let foes but steal our cash, and then
They leave us what we were—brave men;
But could they filch our mines of coal,
They'd steal our bodies, selves, and soul:
'Tis *coal* that makes our Britain great,
Upholds our commerce and our state."

This being the case, we are rather surprised that nearly every one unconnected with mines, dread them as something awful and unapproachable. Content to enjoy the advantages; they shrink from its source. But looking at the question of danger, it amounts to this; that railway travellers, whizzing along at the rate of forty miles per hour, are as much dependent for their safety upon the quality of the machinery, as the colliers who are drawn up a pit shaft. Still, their employment is naturally a dangerous one at all times; sudden death may overtake them at any moment; consequently the value of their labour is enhanced, and deserves our attention.

Colliers are generally spoken of as being the most degraded and immoral class of our working-men; their appearance being termed *hideous*. We allow they are low in a moral point of view; but the picture is too often over-drawn. I was travelling a few weeks ago in the North of England, and while doing so, met with a traveller who was inclined, amongst other topics, to refer to the colliers. He said they were without doubt the lowest class of Englishmen, not knowing how to take care of themselves; in fact he went so far as to assert that they were worse than the beasts, especially the colliers of South Staffordshire. I denied the statement, though admitting there were exceptions.

In this short article I purpose reviewing colliers in their physical, moral, and social state.

It needs not the observant eye of a philosopher to depict a collier from other workmen. He is easily recognized from his fellows by certain never-failing peculiarities, resulting from the nature of his employment. His face is without that ruddy hue, which bespeaks health, being pale, thin, and haggard in expression; his legs are bowed, his back bent; and his walk is anything but graceful, for it seems a toil for him to move.

Lord John Russell once said respecting the evils of excessive toil: "It is, I think, one of the greatest evils of this country, that toil has become so excessive; that all the considerations of health, all intellectual improvement, and even all that time which ought to be devoted to spiritual worship, is lost in that excessive labour, which the people of this country are compelled to undergo." This is very peculiarly applicable to the colliers. Their labour is excessively laborious, having to stand and lie in the most fantastic shapes, loading the coal and plying the *pike*. My readers may form some idea of their position in working, if they can fancy themselves lying under a *sofa* or *couch* hammering at the wall, and this process continued for six or eight hours per day. The perspiration during this process runs in streams down their naked backs: the colour of their skin being entirely obliterated by the dust arising from the coal at every stroke of the *pike*. He is likewise exposed to damp vapours, deleterious gases, which render the air unfit for respiration, and undoubtedly, though perhaps slowly, poison his body, and ultimately terminate his life. Knowing this we need not be surprised at the duration of a collier's life falling considerably below that of other classes of working-men.

"Not for *them* returns
Day, or the sweet approach of ev'n or morn,
Or sight of vernal bloom or summer's rose,
Or flocks, or herds."

Their moral condition is certainly low. As a class they are very ignorant and stupid, and at times most unreasonable in their demands; full of base prejudices, and superstitions, the natural consequence of their ignorance. After toiling all the day, the majority of them find refuge and pleasure in visiting the ale-house and gin-palace. This at all times is not to be wondered at, for their homes are not fit for human beings; their wives having, for the most part, spent their time on the pit-banks, which is no school for good morals or domestic training. A friend of mine related the following fact to me, as illustrative of the bad condition of their homes:—A collier met with an accident in a coal pit, and he, out of pure benevolence, called to see the poor fellow, in order to ascertain the extent of the injury, and give him a helping hand. Having found the house in a dirty back street, he entered. On the floor, which certainly, he said, had not been cleaned for some weeks, lay two children as dirty as the floor, all the furniture being a table and four broken chairs. He inquired where the father was; they directed him up-stairs. Summoning

courage he wended his way up into a small dirty room, and there lay the object of his search. The poor man was lying groaning on a bed of straw, covered with a few black coloured bags; on his arm lay another child, emaciated with disease. This man, he told me, could earn twenty-five shillings a week, and was yet content to exist in that wretched condition. I am sorry to assert that hundreds are thus living in the same locality. But there is a bright side to the question, a silver lining to this dark cloud. Many there are, who, notwithstanding the disadvantage of having to work with men of the lowest habits, are as shining lights in the midst of darkness. Perhaps my readers will smile when I tell them that poets are not altogether scarce amongst colliers in this neighbourhood. It is of no unfrequent occurrence to see a quantity of handbills distributed about, with lines on the dreadful calamity of —. Sometimes they are inspired with a humorous turn of mind, which will result in a comic poem. Musicians are plentiful. I have seen compositions written and composed by colliers, which would be a credit to any drawing-room. We also hear of many colliers taking the position of pulpit-orators. I know a man of this class who thinks himself *profound* on questions of Divinity. He will criticise and *pull to pieces*, as he terms it, all our great ministers. This same man may be seen often sitting on the bare earth, with a short pipe in his mouth studying his sermons. These men exert a good influence on their fellow-workmen, for I am told that it is quite a rarity to hear a man *swear* in the pit where he works.

I am acquainted with a certain village in this district, where a great number of colliers may be seen every Sunday morning in their black cloth suits, attending the Sabbath school or place of worship. Many of these are youths just emerging into manhood. And this state of things is almost entirely the result of the labours of a good minister,* who resided there. He was aware of their low morals and irreligious habits, and determined if possible, to elevate them from this state of wretchedness. A class was formed for mental culture, and was heartily appreciated by the young colliers. The results are most encouraging. If any progress is to be made, the elastic minds of the young must be laid hold of before the habits of their parents are instilled into their natures.

The present race of colliers are far superior to those of thirty years ago. At that time the restrictions were not so binding as at present. The lads were used and ill-treated, like slaves; in fact they used to have their hair cut quite short, to prevent their masters "lugging" them. The men were reckless and at times vicious; it was considered rare fun to have a *pitched battle*, on a certain plot of land, every Monday morning, and this practice has only of late died out, in consequence of the interference of the police authorities.

Their social ties are strong. A community of themselves, mourning and rejoicing with each other. If a fellow-workman meets with an

* The Rev. H. W. Holland, a contributor to the *Cornhill Magazine*, *Good Words*, etc.

accident, slight or otherwise, they always leave their work and accompany him home, even when there is not the slightest necessity for it. If one should get killed, no work at that pit is done till he is buried. They have their choice friends, who meet together at some public-house, where they talk over their various grievances, and form resolutions for their own welfare, as they suppose, which never come to anything.

They are extremely fond of amusement ; some are lovers of fishing, pigeon-flying, dog-fighting, and public-house amusements, especially where there is music ; and until we can supersede these, we cannot hope for a better state of things.

A few extensive collieries are doing their utmost to raise the moral condition of their men, by establishing night-schools, and reading-rooms, with innocent amusement, which is working admirably. These are steps in the right direction ; and, I am happy to say, every town in the district is advancing in this step by adopting their working-men's colleges, institutes, and working-men's clubs ; and the time is approaching when the ignorance and superstition which holds our working-men in bondage, will be dispersed by the rapid strides of education, and our colliers with others be received under the *banner* of England's glory.

“ Not the heroes of war, nor the heroes of trade,
But the heroes of labour, England's greatness have made ;
Though they're humble in station they're noble in toil,
They're the strength—why ignore it?—of Britain's proud isle ! ”

UNDERGROUND RHYMES.

[AN opinion expressed in Mr. J. C. Tildesley's recent article on "Collier Traits,"* to the effect that colliers have little or no native poetry, has called forth a literary curiosity, in the shape of a manuscript book of rhymes, by a working collier. The writer (Benjamin Blount, Bloxwich, Staffordshire) intends it, we presume, as a refutation of Mr. Tildesley's assertion, and as a specimen of the poetic genius of colliers as a class. We quote a few stanzas on divers subjects, which we feel sure will amuse and interest many of our readers, as illustrating, in some degree, the thought-phases of this interesting section of the community.]

DEGREES OF EXCELLENCE.

'Tis better to work than to beg,
'Tis better to beg than to steal,
'Tis better to have an odd leg,
Than two legs crippled with steel.†

THE MINER'S CHAINS.

Poor child of earth, how came it thus to be?
So dark thy day, unchangeable its course;
Pillars of commerce in a country free,
Bearing the weightier burden of its force.
It ever was, and it continues still,
None other seems apparent to my view;
It needs a wind to turn Old Sherwood's mill:‡
The miner needeth friends, he has but few.

THE MINER'S DAY OF REST.

How sweet is the Sabbath for rest,
From the toil of the week that is gone,
With which a poor miner is blest,
When his long week of labour is done.
Twelve hours form his labouring day,
In the dark and the dangerous mine;
No sun lends its luminous ray,
No light on his labour doth shine.

* Vide "*The Rose, The Shamrock, and The Thistle*," for November 1863.

† I.e., To have two legs in the stocks—or legs so deformed by accident, as to require steel apparatus.

‡ A celebrated windmill on the Staffordshire coalfield

UNDERGROUND RHYMES.

MONEY MAKETH MAN.

When man hath money, he hath friends,
And stands in need of none;
His friends soon leave him in the lurch,
When all his money's gone.

THE MINER'S CHAINS.

Born in the lap of ignorance and woe,
Trained in the greedy lair of want and vice ;
Onward the abject miner seems to go,
Nor purchase knowledge at the cheapest price.

His life is one of long laborious years,
A banished exile from the cheering sun ;
A life of labour, ignorance, and tears,
Earth's meanest wretch, unpitied and undone.

These are a few verses taken at random from the poems. They will be sufficient to illustrate the style of Mr. Blount, and the class of rhymesters of which he is a type.

X. Y. Z.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

DESPITE the fair daughter of the Capulets, we are most of us of opinion that there is something in a name, and the nomenclature of a country is usually in some degree reflective of the ways of thinking and habits of its people. In one age we find war the ruling passion, and names denoting strength or valour are first in favour. In another, religion is the chief incentive, and saints and virtues become the general sponsors.

In modern times we can trace the simplicity or affectation of a period in its choice of names, and the prevalent fashion of the day, whether pretentious, puritanical, classical, or mediæval, is faithfully represented in those generally selected. The eccentricity of the names of the Puritan era are well known, and they have formed frequent subjects for jest and satire in less rigid times, while the advancing ambition of the lower classes in later days has been amusingly typified by Crabbe.

“ ‘Why *Lonicera* wilt thou name thy child,’
I asked the gardener’s wife in accents mild.
‘We have a right,’ replied the sturdy dame,
And *Lonicera* was the infant’s name.”

Royal appellations, popular songs and romances, and numberless other accidents bring names into favour or send them into disrepute. We may safely anticipate that the next generation will have plenty of *Alexandras* to adorn it, as it certainly will have *Almas* to commemorate the victory of September '54. Christian names are often curiously illustrative of the variations of a language from its kindred tongues, and the transformations which some names, now in ordinary use, have undergone, offer an attractive study to the philologist.

But, notwithstanding the many interesting aspects of this question, and our common personal concern in it, there has not hitherto been found a writer or a student, able or industrious enough to enter fully upon the subject; to collect and collate the information already extant, to follow up words to their sources, and foreign derivatives to their roots; to trace the influence of the Hebrew nomenclature over the widespread countries that acknowledge Christian rule, and to show us the meaning and origin of our more favoured appellations. Such a literary labourer has at length appeared, in the person of an authoress, who has already achieved a name and reputation in lighter fields of toil; and it is certainly remarkable that a task demanding so much patience, industry, and research, requiring such wide and varied knowledge, should fall to the lot of a lady. Such, however, has been the case and the circumstance is

not without its moral. Instead of following it up, however, we prefer to gather a little of the interesting information to be found in her pleasant volumes. Proper names, as she observes in an introductory chapter, on "The Spirit of Nomenclature," were originally given from some personal peculiarity, or from some gift or quality which the parents hoped would distinguish their child. Among the Greeks and Romans it was especially necessary to bear the meaning of a name in view, as persons were sometimes selected for posts of honour or eminence because the augury of their names was propitious. After the names thus chosen we may rank those of a religious origin or signification and others selected from a fanciful resemblance to jewels, animals, flowers, or weapons. The surnames bestowed from these causes were also very common. Every reader of history will at once recal Charles Martel, the hammer of the Saracens, and our own kings, Rufus, Longshanks, Beauclerk, and others. Modern rulers would scarcely be flattered by such pointed allusions to their personal appearance, especially when, as with William Rufus and Edward I, the peculiarities referred to were not very becoming. Those earlier days, though more despotic, were, however, in some respects more outspoken.

Primitive nations are often very poetical in their names. The Red Indian tribes are peculiarly so, and every Indian tale illustrates this by its Laughing Water, Black Crow, Eagle's Nest, etc. In accordance with the structure of savage languages, the aboriginal names are usually long and monotonous: witness Kamehameha, which a succession of enlightened sovereigns has made so popular in the Sandwich Islands; Karakakooa Bay, where Captain Cook met his untimely end; the Tataramaika Block, which has occasioned so much disturbance in New Zealand, and many more. A little intercourse with civilized life, however, soon alters matters, and we hear of a Kaffir child being called "Skellum," from the Dutch "schelm," a rascal, and two others of the same race bearing the euphonious appellations of "Right about face," and "Left shoulder forward," in honour of their father's having been in the Cape corps. We need not be too severe on Kaffir taste, when we remember the often quoted story of the fifth son being named "Acts," in order, as his mother said, "to compliment the Apostles." Miss Yonge's traditions go a step further, for she tells us that a boy was brought to the font to be christened "Alas!"—the parents supposing that the "Alas! my brother!" of eastern lamentation was a call on the name of the disobedient prophet; though why they should have wished for such an ill-omened namesake, it is not easy to see. A Baptist's daughter was named "Tabithacumi," but this was a degree better than the "Elibris," proposed as an old family name, because "*e libris*," the old Latin form of inscription, was in a grandfather's books; worse still were the Jupiter and Orion to which two twins were condemned because their parents thought them pretty names and "had heard on 'em." Eccentricity was carried a step further when Beelzebub was selected as a Scripture name! An amusing anecdote

is told of a clergyman, who must, we suppose, have been previously summoned to bestow some of these extraordinary titles at the font, asking the name of a child from its godmother during the christening. "Lucy, sir," was the reply. "Lucifer!" exclaimed the indignant minister, "I never heard of such a thing! I shall not allow it. I shall call him John." And John was accordingly the name bestowed upon the prospective Lucy. The pretentious piety of the Puritans gave, as we all know, a degree of extravagance to their names, of which Hew-Agag-in-pieces is not perhaps an extreme specimen. The fact of a name being found in the Sacred Writings has, even in latter times, often caused it to be chosen without any regard to euphony, but it is somewhat singular to find Mary Queen of Scots, certainly no Puritan, bestowing on an unfortunate infant the name of Habakkuk! This melodious title was selected from the fashion of opening the Bible and taking the first name that caught the eye. Job's three daughters, Jemima, Kezia, and Keren-Happuck have had English representatives, especially the two former. Three sisters have even been found bearing the three names, which mean a dove, cassia, and a horn of stibium, with which eastern ladies adorn their eyes. Miss Yonge prettily suggests that Job's fair daughter may have been so called from the natural brightness of her eyes which needed no such adornment. Jemima, who is the most popular godmother, is even said to have named Jemama, the central district of Arabia. Other ancient Hebrew names, whose owners were invested with no particular sanctity, have also been in use among us.

"What strange fancy," asks our chronicler, "can have made Mehetabel, the wife of one of the princes of Edom, leave her four syllables to be popular in England?" Yet so it seems that many country registers prove it to be. Its meaning is in its favour, seeing that it signifies God is beneficent, a better interpretation than that of our less singular Dinah, which is judgment.

Many of the significations of these old names are very curious. Isaac is in the original Yischak, laughter, because his mother laughed at the wonderful promise. Adam and Eve were supposed, in Germany and its neighbourhood, to confer long life on their namesakes, and consequently if the first child of a family dies, one of these names is usually given to its successor according as it is boy or girl. Adam has also given rise to a good many surnames, not including the numerous tribe, who in accordance with the old story, owe their undistinguishable patronymic to his impatient exclamation, when weary with the labour of naming his descendants, "Let all the rest be called Smith!" The modern James owes its origin to the old patriarchal name of Jacob; and, in one form or another, it is common throughout Europe. Two of the apostles bore this name, which helped to popularize it throughout Christendom. It has since their days given rise to political phrases and party watchwords.

"You are said to be a Jacobin, and a Jacobite," said Sir Walter Scott to Thomas Moore, "so we coincide in politics to a T." It is rather too

bad though, in tracing these early derivatives, to find the graceful and poetic name of Isabel, and its counterpart the good old English Elizabeth, both traced directly to Jezebel, best known from the infamous wife of Ahab, the persecutor of the prophets! We may suppose the sanctity of other bearers of the name to have counteracted the effect of its unpleasant scriptural associations, since no name has been more popular in England than Elizabeth, a fact borne witness to by the old riddle:

"Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsey, and Bess,
Went together to take a bird's nest;
They found a bird's nest with three eggs in,
They each took two and left one in."

Miss Yonge tells us that she has heard of a village where all the grandmothers are called Betty, the mothers Lizzie, and the daughters Elizabeth, though this account, we should imagine, was rather overdrawn. Popular or unpopular sovereigns bring their names into favour or disrepute. The wicked wife of Charles VI. made Isabeau uncommon in France, and possibly the worthless queen of our Edward II. may have prevented the frequent use of the more euphonious Isabella. Among Scripture names John and Mary have always been the most popular, and this is not to be wondered at. The meaning of John is appropriate enough to its association with the beloved disciple; it is "The Lord's grace:" that of Mary is not so much so, the name being most probably drawn from the old Hebrew word *Marah*, bitter, although some persons, more especially in Catholic countries, prefer to trace it to the Latin *Mare*, and interpret it Star of the Sea. One old Hebrew name, however, has dropped into awful silence. Judas, another form of Judah, the name of praise, has never been given by the most ignorant or the most reckless to their children. It was common among the descendants of Judah in the days of Iscariot, being held as a name of honour, but since then Jew and Gentile have alike shunned the title accused by the traitor. From scriptural names we come to classical, which have also had many successors, some of whom are still extant amongst us. Augustus, Horace, Julia, Mark, Florence, Amy, Evelyn, and others being all of direct Latin origin. A distinction must, however, be made between Evelyn, the French form of the old Latin *Avellana*, a hazel; and Eveline, Eveleen, and its variations, which are from the old Celtic word signifying pleasant.

From the Greeks we have Agnes, Andrew, Anastasia, Alexander, Catherine, Cyril, Stephen, Selina, Ellen, Sophia, and many more. Edith, Edward, and their large tribe of kindred, are of course Teutonic in their origin, as are also Gertrude, Charles and its descendants, Charlotte and Caroline, Frederick, William, Alice, Alfred, Henry, Albert and a goodly tribe. Albert means nobly bright, and is derived from *Athelbright*, or noble splendour, an old Saxon name, having been borne by our first Christian king of Kent. It was also the name of a saint and martyr under the form of *Adelbrecht*, which, being afterwards given in recollection of him to a Latin patriarch, became the simpler and more pleasing

Albert. George, a husbandman, is another of those we owe to the Greeks, and it is therefore no inappropriate cognomen for the new King of the Hellenes. Margaret, of similar origin, has been a favourite in all ages. Its meanings, both pretty and graceful, are a pearl and a daisy. It is one of the most widely diffused of Christian names, appearing in no less than sixteen different countries and bearing many forms in each. It is one of the few names taken from jewels, although the terrible fate of Sapphira has not prevented Sapphero from being in common use in the Ionian Islands. Rhoda, meaning a rose, is one of the names that Scripture has made familiar to us, though it is more common in our own word Rose and its belongings—all of Latin origin. The violet, the lily, and other flowers have also been sponsors. Rivers have been less favoured, though the old Latin name of Tiberius was drawn from the sacred Tiber. The lake poets also suggested Derwent and Rotha for their children. Among animals, strange to say, the Wolf has been often popular; Lycus, Lupus, Wolf, Vuk, having all been given in his honour. It is less surprising to find the bee, Deborah; the dove, Jonah, Columba, etc.; the sheep, Rachel; and Philip, another Greek name, the lover of horses. The lion has had a good many representatives in Leonard and Lionel. Our old friend Pantaloon is also traced to this source. It is a Greek name signifying "altogether a lion," and was not unsuitably borne by a Christian physician who suffered martyrdom at Nicomedia. His remains were brought to France, where he claims the largest church at Lyons and is one of the chief patrons of doctors. His name was much used in France and Italy but fell with Artechino and Columbine into comedy. From his medical associations he was represented as a feeble old man and his curious dress makes Shakespeare speak of "the lean and slippered pantaloon." His unfortunate name was subsequently given to the new fashion when trousers superseded silk stockings in reference to the tight fitting dress of the comic actor. To such base uses do we come at last! Our dolls owe their appellation to the dignified name of Dorothea, once so general in England, as to give its abbreviation, Dolly, to the wooden children which before were called babies or puppets. A further and more striking specimen of the "base uses" spoken of, is found in the startling transformation of *Pige Washael*, the maiden's greeting, *i.e.*, the salutation of the Virgin, into the Pig and Whistle which has often puzzled philologists.

We are told of an estate originally called Saint Cécile being known as Sampson's Seal, and of other changes equally curious. Sometimes the "vaulting ambition," which bestows on an infant an unusually highflown name, sadly overleaps itself and falls into ludicrous abbreviations such as the terrible diminutive, chronicled in the memorable reply to a query:—"Her name's Aspasias, but us calls her Spash." A companion story to the anecdote we have related about the origin of Pantaloon is told of the familiar word "Pasquinade," which some of Miss Yonge's readers will have met before. There lived a cobbler in Rome, the butt of his friends,

who gave his name, Paschino, to the statue of an ancient gladiator, that had been newly disinterred and set up in front of the Orsini palace, exciting the waggery of the idle Romans by his likeness, real or imaginary, to the cobbler. Paschino, the gladiator, proved a convenient block for posting up lampoons and satires, inasmuch that the generic term at Rome for such squibs became *paschinado*, whence our English *pasquinade*. Shakespearian students will be interested to find Lear and his daughters traced up to Geoffrey of Monmouth, who makes the eleventh of his Kings descended from Brute, to be Leir, and live at Leircester or Leicester. Another historical anecdote tells us the origin of the title so long borne by the French King's eldest son. In 1125 Delphine, heiress of Allbon, married Guiges, Count of Viennois. She was his third wife, and, to distinguish her son from the rest of the family, he was christened Guiges Delphin, and assumed the dolphin as his badge, whence badge and title passed to his descendants, the Dauphins de Viennois. It was subsequently adopted by other families connected with his own—the Dauphin Counts of Auvergne and Mountpensier. The last Dauphin, Humbert de Vienne, dying childless, left his county and title to Charles, son of King John of France, whence the heir-apparent took the name of Dauphin.

With regard to the names of places and rivers, also included in Miss Yonge's philological survey of the nomenclature of countries, we learn some interesting facts. The Celtic influence is traced almost everywhere. It is curious to find our own Avon re-appearing in so many countries under different forms. Rhen-Avon, or running water, became, with the Romans, Redanus and Rodanus, the Rhine and Rhone of later times. Garv-Avon, or swift river, is now Garonne; Sen-Avon, or slow river, has turned into the Shannon.

"Many other instances," says Miss Yonge, "prove that it was the Kelt who first had poetry enough to note the characteristics of hill or water and impress on it the title that later tongues have mis-pronounced but not forgotten." Northern names have, indeed, had the prevailing influence and their names generally prove the key to those of the south. On the Continent, State and Church alike refuse to register any names but those in orthodox use, and consequently many of the strange variations possible among us are there unheard of. The parents who possessed the euphonious name of Rose, and, according to Miss Mitford, thought to attain the perfection of nomenclature by naming their daughter Wild, would have been spared the mortification of seeing her marry a Mr. Bull had they resided abroad, for assuredly no such name as Wild would be tolerated. The science of nomenclature then has its tragic and comic aspects and is not beneath grave and attentive study. Such study has been given to it by the talented author whose volumes we have just been discussing, and we congratulate her on having added another to the list of valuable standard works contributed to our literature by the feminine pen.

F.

PHOTOGRAPHS OF FAMILIAR FACES.

BY A FEMALE PHOTOGRAPHER.

TACT AND NO TACT.

IF it be true—and I never doubted the wisdom of the saying—that “it is better to be born lucky than rich,” it is truer still that a penny-worth of tact is equivalent to a guinea’s worth of luck. People are not sufficiently impressed with the all-importance of this great lever, which is capable of raising the world; not the globe we inhabit as Archimedes meant, but the lesser worlds of society, diplomacy, and so forth, into which the larger earth-ball is divided. Were this truth generally recognized, it would be found quite as necessary to train up the youth of both sexes to become adepts in the science of tact, as to teach them respectively, elocution, eloquence, and mathematics, or music, languages, and deportment, besides a host of things, useful enough no doubt, but not a tithe of the use of this one modest acquirement. Of course the chosen few who are born with the faculty, bear the same proportion to those who have only learnt it by rote, as the vocalist possessing a natural shake, does to the singer owning but an artificial one. The man or woman possessing natural tact is never taken at a non-plus, never wants to refer to rules or statutes, because the quality is ingrain in their case; while to those who have only been schooled into it, tact is but a sort of French polish, which, if chipped off, “shows the Tartar beneath,” as the first Napoleon averred would be the case if you scratched a highly educated Russian.

The worst of it is, that even this coating of tact is far from always forming an item of education. Consequently you daily find even very kindly disposed persons wounding others from sheer obtuseness. As I was once paying a visit to the mistress of a house, at which I had enjoyed a pleasant party about a week before, there came in a lady who belonged to the poorer branches of the family. She had not been invited, and therefore I thought it only common civility to drop all allusions to the brilliant evening in question. But my hostess had no such scruples, and on her poorer visitor’s admiring the beautiful plants in the room, she said with an air of great complacency: “We gave a large party last week, and they looked very nicely by candle-light.” I winced for the poor relation, and wondered how good feeling, if not tact, could allow that word “large” to add an additional sting to the sentence of exclusion. But I soon perceived that all the callers who dropped in, had no more scruple than herself, in adverting to the party, though they must have been well aware they were speaking before an *outsider*.

A kindred mind to her’s was a nobleman, who had occasion to receive

an artist one morning at his villa, within a short railway distance from town. Being a passionate lover of the fine arts, he showed his intaglios and gems to his visitor, and led him all over the house, to see different pictures, passing in their way through the dining-room, where an elegant collation was spread on the table. The artist naturally expected, after this peep behind the scenes, that he was going to be invited to partake of something more substantial than the feast his eyes had enjoyed. But not so! The artist was all very well to serve as an intelligent admirer of the articles of *vertu* which crowded the rooms, but was not eligible to sit at table with the family (like the gentleman at a petty German Court, who had not sufficient quarterings to be allowed to stay at table after the roast-meat was served—not *braten-fähig* as it was expressed), and was accordingly bowed out by mine host, or my lord, to reflect how differently the ancestor of that same peer would have welcomed a celebrated man to his castle.

Another flagrant but no less frequent want of tact, bordering on want of humanity I may say, is making remarks in the presence of sick people, that may tend to alarm them as to their state. Thus Croaker comes to see his old friend Withers, whom he heard was unwell—finds him sitting in an easy chair by the fire, slowly swallowing some broth his wife has persuaded him into taking, thoroughly moped, and requiring the stimulant of a little pleasant chat. The wife welcomes the friend, secretly hoping his visit will produce a beneficial effect on the good man, who is not naturally of a buoyant disposition. But Croaker, though well-meaning, is wholly deficient in tact. He inquires the nature of Withers's complaint, and being told it is an incipient pleurisy :

"A pleurisy!" exclaims the obtuse friend; "my great-uncle died of a pleurisy. Why, my dear fellow, you must take great care of yourself; it's a dangerous thing—very dangerous."

And having put the invalid still more out of sorts than he was before, and left a sting in the wife's heart, which days would fail to eradicate, he went away, thinking he had done the right thing in visiting the sick; not dreaming how he had set the minds of the worthy pair out of tune, by reminding the sick man that his sudden death would leave his family in straitened circumstances, and depressing the spirits of his comforter and helpmate, who needed all her energy to cheer him.

A yet more serious example of the immense amount of mischief done by tactless people, was given by a lady who called on a family just after one of its members, a very young person, had cut her finger rather severely.

"Oh dear—dear!" cried the imprudent gossip, "I hope lockjaw will not come on."

"Is lockjaw so very bad?" inquired the youthful sufferer, who at her age did not yet know all the "ills flesh is heir to."

"Why, my dear, it's fatal!" replied the silly creature.

The poor girl turned as pale as a sheet, when one of the elders of

the family hastened to say, with a forced smile: "Pooh—pooh! Mrs. Larkins is only joking."

"No, no, it's quite true," interposed the foolish woman. "I've known so many cases—"

There, there, we don't want to hear them," said the same sensible voice, trying to telegraph to the visitor to hold her tongue.

Meanwhile the young lady had fainted.

"Poor thing! I'm so sorry!" said the mischief-maker. And sorry she ought to have been, in sackcloth and ashes, for the rest of her days. Sad to say, the poor girl died of the apprehension of dying—no uncommon thing with weak natures.

Was not this a case of manslaughter? Well, not according to law perhaps; but it shows that want of tact may sometimes do the homicidal business with as unerring an aim as the poisoned bowl.

To return to minor transgressions of the laws of tact, apparently so little studied:—A man of the world relates an incident, in which an acquaintance, whose name he carefully conceals, has played a foolish part, when up starts some thick-headed blunderer, with the question: "That's Smithson, is it not?" and on the first speaker's shaking his head impatiently, clenches his indiscretion, by pushing his point with: "Well, then, it must be Simpson—come, now, own it at once."

Again, there are men, both young and middle-aged, who have the reputation of being very good fellows, but who think it excellent fun to forestall a joke, if they see one coming. Or if an elderly gentleman starts off with a story, which they have heard before, one of these good fellows is sure to interrupt him with: "Ah, yes, I know—;" and then, taking the story out of his hands, concludes it in his own words, leaving the luckless narrator in a most foolish predicament. And perhaps, after all, the twice-told tale might be new to all the rest of the company then assembled.

Another ungracious act people are led into by the want of tact, is the depreciating a present, by showing the donor that you already possess the same article, only still handsomer of its kind. Thus a lady thinks to please a friend by working her an elegant pair of slippers, but on presenting her handiwork, the tactless friend shows her with a quiet smile, that she has two pairs already, embroidered one in gold and the other in silver thread, which quite outshine her humbler offering. Others have a knack of neutralizing the obliging offers you make them. You volunteer a box at the opera, and they answer they have two already at their disposal, which is tantamount to saying they owe you not the slightest obligation for your kind intention. Or if A hears B offering anything highly agreeable to C, he will give himself importance, and outbid B in a manner, by assuring C that he can obtain him the admission he covets to that particular royal ceremony, as he has friends at the palace; though, in all likelihood, A has no means whatever of redeeming his promise.

Another disagreeable feature of the tactless, is to volunteer unwelcome truths, when no opinion is asked them, and when holding one's tongue would be but common politeness. Of what earthly use is it for "friends" to say to an amateur tenor, whose voice is somewhat gone off, but who prides himself still in his singing: "Your voice is not what it was, old boy;" or "I don't think you can manage that *A natural now.*" Of what use to observe to a matronly lady that she is growing very stout? She, of course, knows it and deplores it; but you, madam, being neither her stay-maker nor her dress-maker, have no cause for alluding to the unpleasant topic, unless she be the first to introduce it.

Still less would one think that persons moving, we will not say amongst *la crème de la crème*, but in society of average standing, would require to be reminded that courtesy forbids telling a lady that her beauty is on the wane—yet many who pride themselves on their fine manners, will inform her of this unwelcome fact; not, it is true, by downright words, but by naively expressing their surprise that her portrait, taken some years back, is really meant for her. Portraits, indeed, form a constant stumbling-block to those who ignore tact. These *malaprops* either make some fatal remark about your venerated parents, or comment on the pert look of your first wife (not being aware you are a Benedict for the second time); or they'll tell a wife that her husband has a few (read "many") more gray hairs now than when his picture was taken.

A dowager, herself a woman of the nicest tact, once observed to me, that if she wished to judge anybody at a first interview, she always had them ushered into her private sitting-room, containing some of the family portraits, and where also stood her writing-table. At one time she was in search of a competent reader, to replace an accomplished lady who had served her in that capacity for several years, and had now left to get married. As the situation was exceedingly well remunerated, a number of candidates were eager to undertake its duties. But the dowager was difficult to please in the matter of reading—indeed, as she was in the habit of being read to several hours daily, while she sat working, it formed a part of her existence. The lady, who had left her having been trained for the stage, though she did not ultimately adopt it as a profession, had a remarkable talent for elocution; and to come down to mediocrity after superiority, was not to be thought of. A schoolmistress to whom the dowager had recommended several pupils, volunteered to help her patroness to find an eligible person. She received all the young aspirants, and heard them read, but hitherto had only selected two, one of whom was a good reader, and the other doubtful, but this the schoolmistress thought might be ascribed to a degree of timidity. Having taken all necessary information about them, and both being young ladies of highly respectable families and excellent education, the dowager agreed to see them on such a day, and at such an hour.

It happened that the clever reader was the first that came; and, by the dowager's orders, she was shown into the sitting-room above alluded

to, and informed that the lady would see her in a few minutes. Presently, the dowager entered through the tapestried curtain that screened her boudoir from an inner room. And where do you think she found the young lady? Why, sitting at her writing-table, though papers were strewn about, at the risk of being thought guilty of reading them—which she had certainly no thought of doing—only, like Caesar's wife, she ought to have been above suspicion.

By the bye, let me observe, parenthetically, it is rather a favourite transgression with some ladies, to ensconce themselves in what is obviously the easy chair of the lady of the house, in spite of shawls and wrappers, or, more eloquent still, a volume of a novel, which ought to make it clear to the most foggy intellect, that the occupier has just left that particular seat, and that it is unbecoming to appropriate it. The same spirit of invasion was manifested towards a couple of my acquaintance, who, while staying in a picturesque village of Derbyshire, were advised by a friend of theirs to hire an open carriage to see the beauties of the environs. The carriage was accordingly hired, and after the lady had taken her seat, in stepped the tactless inhabitant of the place, ensconcing himself beside the wife, and leaving the husband to ride backwards, by way of seeing the prospect, which he of the place, of course, knew at his fingers' ends.

But return we to our text.

"She has no tact, I fear," thought the dowager. Still she would not condemn her without a hearing, and having motioned her to take a seat elsewhere, which the young lady seemed almost unwilling to do, she said she would trouble her to read just a page of a work lying on the table, though she would promise nothing as another lady had offered her services at the same time as herself. This was to leave herself a polite loop-hole to break off the bargain, in case the first unpleasant impression should not wear off.

The young lady took up the book with great confidence, and read several passages, in a well modulated voice, neither drawling, nor whining, nor over vehement, but giving all due force where force was required; and, above all, preserving the natural tone of speaking, rather than that most unnatural key people think necessary to strike into the moment they begin to read. The dowager was pleased, and complimented her, and thought she might replace her predecessor with great advantage. "But I must see first," said she to herself, "whether the want of tact is a chronic complaint with her, or merely an accidental slip, perhaps owing to over anxiety for success." In this charitable intention, she asked the young aspirant a few questions, such as whether she liked music, and painting, and so forth. The young lady answered very appropriately, and presently the dowager showed her a small sized portrait in oil, of herself, taken some years before. The dowager, I must observe, was a handsome, well preserved middle-aged woman, of the "fat, fair, and forty" school.

"Is it really your portrait?" said the blunt young lady, adding by way of salving her *sproposito*, in consequence of a slight smile she perceived on the dowager's countenance: "Perhaps it may have been like you many years ago."

As she was evidently getting deeper and deeper into the mire, the dowager charitably dissolved the meeting, by saying she would send her an answer on the morrow. The young lady retired—the same want of tact leading her to be unaware she had received her dismissal.

The next candidate was shown in, as the first had been; but her mind being of a totally different stamp, she sat down at the furthest place from the writing-table, carefully avoiding even the semblance of indiscretion. Her reading was certainly inferior to that of the rival candidate, and after listening to her the dowager said, as she had done to the other, that she must take time to consider, and so forth. Then having determined to put her to the same test as the other had accidentally undergone, she showed her several objects of art about the room, and amongst them her portrait.

"How beautifully it is painted," said the young lady, "and how like the eyes are."

Her eyes had, in fact, retained all their pristine beauty, though the contour of the face had not; and the dowager, being a woman of great sense, admired the nice tact that had seized on the feature that could be praised unrestrictedly, instead, for instance, of extolling the roses and lilies of her complexion, which had now faded. The same tact was observable in all the young lady said, and the result was that, in spite of the excellent reading of the first candidate, the dowager threw her overboard, and preferred the one who could spell the word tact, to the finest reader in the world.

Between two friends in the prime of life, no remark can, of course, cut so deep as when applied by a younger to an elder woman. Still tact ought to regulate the intercourse even between intimates. For instance, I do not like one sister saying to another: "It is quite ridiculous for you to wear that colour—it is so unbecoming." And on the other's retorting that it was but yesterday her sister admired of all things Mrs. Spruce's bonnet, exactly of the same shade, comes the graceless rejoinder: "Yes, but *she* has a good complexion."

At the same time, I must observe that it is one of the weaknesses of very vain people to request to be told the truth about some personal matter, of course, in expectation of a compliment. The want of tact then rests with the questioner, if the answer be not to his or her liking. A vocalist, now no more, once teased me to guess her age. Knowing her to be excessively vain (as I thought, without adequate cause, for though gentlewomanly in person, and having a countenance that might be effective on the stage, she could by no stretch of good nature be called pretty, besides being decidedly on the wane), I replied, that I never liked to guess a lady's age. But in vain I remonstrated, she insisted upon my

saying something. So at last, after weighing how large a discount I could take off her seeming years, without being ridiculously complimentary—for I fancied she would think I was quizzing her had I said she was under thirty—I mentioned what I considered a fair *mezzo termine* between truth and conscience, by guessing thirty-five, considering that I had deducted from twelve to thirteen years by the process.

"There now!" cried she, in evident discomfiture, "you at once set me down as antiquated!"

I hastened to sweeten the pill by assuring her that but for her numerous theatrical campaigns in Italy and Germany, I should have quoted her at what shopkeepers call a "lower figure." This soothing balm having quieted her, she proceeded to assure me that on the stage she looked two-and-twenty, which I said was very likely, and then put the finishing stroke to this display of ignorance in the science of tact, by begging me to ask the gentlemen of my family what age they thought her, and to report the answer secretly. Poor thing! Happily I had enough tact to prevent my so doing, as the unvarnished verdict ran thus: "Well! she may be only fifty though she looks sixty."

The fact is, we all have our tender point—the moral gouty toe upon which it is cruel to tread. The old Spanish proverb that warns us not to talk of halters in the house of the hanged, contains a world of homely wisdom, and shows that tact is not of modern invention. To those who have to make their way in the world, tact is an invaluable quality. To those who aspire to place and power, it is indispensable. An ambassador, for instance, had need of a double dose of this sixth sense; it would stand him in better stead than a handsome person or the most agreeable qualities. But it must be confessed that the male sex is less frequently gifted in this respect than ourselves; and if the "strong-minded" women who repine at our not sitting in Parliament, or having the privilege of leading a battalion to storm a fortress, had suggested, instead, that women would make admirable—we will not say ambassadors, as that implies merely the wife of an ambassador, but—ambassadors, they would not have been so wide of the mark. With men, tact is not an early blossom; you never see it developed in boys, who have no comprehension of its existence, nor amongst youths, and seldom amongst very young men. Hardly ever do men begin to cultivate it till after thirty, while the woman, born with this gift, frequently exhibits it not only in girlhood, but even as a little child, and will be heard to chide an infant brother for some breach of politeness towards a visitor.

As knowing one's self is proverbially the most difficult lesson to learn, none, of course, ever own, even to themselves, that they want for tact. I really think people would sooner whisper to themselves: "I am ugly," or "I am deficient in wit;" than allow there was an utter want of this aristocracy of the mind in their composition. Consequently many aspire to the very career for which they are least fitted. I met in company, at one time, a young man of this stamp. Diplomacy was his hobby, and he

aspired to great things—but was utterly innocent of tact. Nevertheless, being backed by large family connexions, who interested themselves in his behalf, he was put into luck's way, by being warmly recommended to a country Squire; who, after retiring upon a large fortune made in the coal trade, had become so influential in his neighbourhood, that his fiat sufficed to return the county member, and he was known to be hand and glove with the ministry. The Squire, who was then staying at his town residence, at once called on a titled friend of his, to whom he had promised to throw the weight of his influence in the scale in favour of his nephew, at the next election; and inquired whether he could oblige him in favour of a young man he had been requested to patronize? There happened to be a situation just then vacant, far beyond even the young man's most ambitious hopes, which the Squire's friend made sure to obtain, provided the *protégé* was capable of filling it with credit to himself and to those who recommended him.

The Squire, not knowing him personally, said he would at once investigate that point, and forthwith sent him an invitation to dinner, to see "what stuff he was made of," as he expressed it. N—, the aspirant diplomatist, had rather a pleasing person and tolerable address, and he passed muster very well during the quarter of an hour preceding dinner, and as he spoke but little during dinner, there was nothing to complain of. But the trying moment was after the ladies had retired, and when the conversation grew more general. It happened that a gentleman present showed his entertainer a snuff-box set with diamonds, which had been given him by one of the crowned heads of Europe, and it passed from hand to hand to be looked at and admired by everybody, except, indeed, N—, who, with the want of tact inherent to his nature, thought to show his superior judgment by expressing a doubt as to the genuineness of the diamonds.

The possessor of the snuff-box was on the point of uttering the word "puppy," but restrained himself, while the host telegraphed to his indiscreet guest to drop the subject. But he worked the wires in vain; moral telegrams were above N—'s comprehension, and far from taking the hint, he even made matters worse by persisting: "I am pretty certain of what I advance."

"Only as I happen to be a judge of diamonds," said the Squire, "I must tell you with equal candour that you are quite wrong."

"An excellent judge of black diamonds, I daresay," returned the incorrigible young man, alluding to his host's former trade, which he did not care to be reminded of on every occasion.

"Rather sharp practice, my young spark," thought the Squire, though he did not pick up the glove this time, thinking it just possible that in his haste to patch up his mistake, he had inadvertently fallen out of the frying-pan into the fire.

There ensued an awkward pause, during which every one present except the author of it, was looking intently into his plate; the owner

of the snuff-box alone enjoying the idea of the stranger's having committed himself so sillily. But the Squire, with characteristic good-nature, and in the wish to set everthing to rights again, proposed "discussing something pleasanter than so dry a topic," and rang the bell for a bottle of Tokay, which numbered the respectable age of twenty autumns, and which he begged to submit to their approbation. The faces once more brightened up, the venerable bottle was brought in with due respect by the butler, and the glasses were filled.

Now, if there was a thing the good Squire prided himself upon more than another, it was his collection of wines. It was a harmless hobby, and a very agreeable one, I am sure, to his friends who partook so largely of his hospitality; nor could anybody say they had ever seen their worthy host the worse for liquor. But he enjoyed his glass, and liked to enjoy it with others.

The age of the wine was dwelt upon with some complacency, and the guests were unanimous in its praise—all but the young stranger who emptied his glass in silence. "And what do *you* say to it, young sir?" inquired his host, in the kind intention of putting him at his ease, supposing him conscious of his shortcomings, which he was not.

"Oh," said N—, "I have tasted much older Tokay than this, at the castle of a German Baron, a friend of mine."

"Whose name is perhaps Munchausen?" suggested the owner of the snuff-box.

"No—Baron Traukenbold," said the young man; "his Tokay was forty years old, and looked as white as water."

"And tasted like it perhaps?" observed the Squire, a little nettled by this ill-timed remark.

"No, it was delicious; it was nectar!" cried the young man, "and this is a mere nothing to it."

This was a home thrust; and the old gentleman fidgetted on his seat, though being under his own roof, he put a bridle on his tongue, while saying to himself: "That's the finishing stroke, my fine fellow. You are judged and condemned as wholly unfit for the situation."

A few days after, and before he had even paid the visit politeness requires, after having partaken of the hospitality especially of a new acquaintance, the tactless N— wrote to ask the Squire whether he had obtained him the hoped for situation? The Squire replied that, all things considered, he thought he wanted the necessary experience to fill the office in question—though this might come with years—and declined taking any further steps in the matter for the present. Moreover, he added, and those words were under-lined, he thought it "a pity to keep him from his friend the Baron, at least, until he had helped him to drink up the remaining bottles of forty year old Tokay in his cellar."

Thus tact makes or mars a man!

WOMEN OF MERIT CONNECTED WITH CRIMINAL TRIALS.

THE COUNTESS OF NITHSDALE.

BY SERJEANT BURKE.

THE "rising" of 1715 was a very sad affair. Unlike the more formidable "rising" of 1745, it, from first to last, never had a gleam of success. At the very outset, the intended insurrection was hopelessly damped by the death of the royal and potent friend of the cause, Louis XIV. The new governor of France, the Regent Duke of Orleans, adopted another line of policy, and entering into friendly communication with the House of Brunswick, left the Stuarts and their adherents to fare for themselves. Vainly, therefore, did the Earl of Mar set up the standard of the Stuart King at Braemar. Vainly did he endeavour to resist King George's general, the great Duke of Argyle, and vainly too did the Chevalier St. George himself land in Scotland, and fix the day of his coronation. It all resulted in marches and countermarches closely resembling flights, in the defeat of Sheriffmuir, and in the Chevalier's hasty escape in a small French ship, from the harbour of Montrose. The futility of the Scottish rising was enhanced by the attempt to extend it in England. The University of Oxford declared itself in favour of the Stuarts, and no means were left untried to rouse the Jacobites throughout the length and breadth of the southern division of Great Britain; but nothing more momentous was done than a march through Cumberland and Westmoreland into Lancashire, terminating in a miserable surrender of the insurgent chiefs at Preston; when they were sent to London, conveyed through its streets, pinioned like common malefactors, and committed to Newgate and the Tower. Yet if this rash "rising" of 1715 hurt the country but little, it fell heavily on some of the noblest and worthiest families in Scotland and England. Many, many members of those houses—men as gallant, as pure-minded, and as generous as ever drew sword or claymore—sacrificed, in their misguided, but high-souled loyalty and devotion to a fallen house, their lives, their honours, and their estates. A moment's consideration of their own interest would have shown them how rash and dangerous the contest was likely to be; yet, in their unselfish natures, they only thought of the, to them, rightful King, who had called them to his banner, and they did not hesitate to risk their all in obeying the summons. The affair of Preston alone, which led to the trial I have here to do with, cost to the nobility of Scotland and England, the attainder of seven peers, and the deaths of two of them on the scaffold,

besides bringing execution in a more cruel form, or imprisonment, or banishment, with forfeiture, upon a host of gentlemen and inferior individuals.

The effect of these trials for treason, is felt in many families of note even to this day : long was it so among the descendants of the houses of James Radcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, and William Maxwell, of Carlaverock, Earl of Nithsdale. These two young lords, who were attainted for their share in the Preston business, were greatly to be pitied. The Earl of Derwentwater, the less fortunate of the two, was the most popular noblemen in Cumberland : handsome, amiable, brave, open, generous, and humane, he was the pride and delight of the country round. He gave bread to multitudes of people, whom he employed on his wide estates upon the Derwent. He was only twenty-eight years of age when he was brought to the scaffold ; he left two infant children, and a young and beautiful widow, who had vainly thrown herself at the feet of George I., to implore her husband's life. The forfeited lands of the Earl were given to Greenwich Hospital, which has continued to hold them to the present day. The touching ballad, "Farewell to Lochaber," refers to the fatal departure of the gallant Earl of Derwentwater to join the insurgents.

William, fifth Earl of Nithsdale, and Lord Herries of Terregles, to whom I now come, and who was to have laid his head on the same block with the Earl of Derwentwater, owed his preservation to his wife, the heroine of whom I have here to treat. This Earl was the head and representative of a most ancient and distinguished house, the Maxwells of Carlaverock in Dumfries-shire : his ancestors, Sir John Macuswell, and Eumerus de Macuswell, father and son, were Great Chamberlains of Scotland, the one in 1231, and the other in 1258, and a later ancestor, Sir Eustace Maxwell, won lasting renown by his famous defence of Carlaverock against Edward I. The Maxwells were devoted to the House of Stuart : Mary Queen of Scots found a fast friend in one of them, and James I. bestowed the Earldom of Nithsdale on Robert Maxwell, who proved himself a stanch and able cavalier in the civil war. From him I return to his kinsman, the fifth Earl, the subject of this narrative in conjunction with his wife, a lady also of a right noble line. Winifred, Lady Nithsdale, the heroine of the escape, was a scion of the noble and illustrious English house of Herbert, and was the fifth and youngest daughter of William Herbert, Marquis and Earl of Powis, a devoted adherent of Charles II. and James II., who, at the Revolution, escorted James' amiable and high-minded consort Mary of Modena, to France, and who died an exile at St. Germain en Laye in 1696, and lies buried in the parish church there, by the side of the Lady Elizabeth, his wife, a daughter of Edward Somerset, Marquis of Worcester. James II., in his banishment, created the Marquis of Powis, Duke of Powis, but that title was, of course, not allowed in England. The Marquis' daughter, Winifred, inherited his love for the house of Stuart, and

much of his venturous spirit, and possibly her councils may have led her husband, the Earl of Nithsdale, to join the rash insurrection of 1715: if so, she nobly redeemed such injudicious advice.

The account of Lord Nithsdale's trial and attainder may be taken, as follows, from the State Trials:—

"January 9, 1716.—The lords, prisoners in the Tower, who had surrendered at Preston, having excited a rebellion, and levied war against his Majesty, and being taken whilst in actual hostilities, the Parliament at that time sitting, it was moved in the House of Commons, January 9, that they should not be left to the ordinary method of prosecutions, but be proceeded against by way of impeachment. The consequence of this was, that the House came to a resolution to impeach James, Earl of Derwentwater of high treason. Upon the like motions they resolved the same with regard to William, Lord Widdrington, William, Earl of Nithsdale, George, Earl of Wintoun, Robert, Earl of Carnwath, William, Viscount Kenmure, William, Lord Nairn; accordingly they were impeached at the bar of the House of Lords, and the same night the articles of impeachment were carried up to the Lords; and the next day the impeached Lords were brought to the bar of the House, and charged with the said articles, and ordered to put in their answers by the 16th, and that not only counsel, but any other persons, whom they should name, should have the liberty to assist them. They had afterwards leave till the 19th to put in their answers, when they severally pleaded guilty (except the Earl of Wintoun, who had further time allowed him), and the 9th of February was appointed to pass sentence upon them. On Thursday February the 9th, about one of the clock, the Lords came from their own House into the Court erected at Westminster Hall, to pass sentence upon James, Earl of Derwentwater; William, Lord Widdrington; William, Earl of Nithsdale; Robert, Earl of Carnwath; William, Viscount Kenmure; and William Lord Nairn. His Grace the Lord High Steward for the occasion, was the famous William, Earl Cowper and Lord Chancellor, and it may be observed that every day, during the trial, the Lord High Steward was attended to his house by Garter King-of-arms, and the Black Rod, etc., as he came at first; save that the judges did not attend his Grace home, and if his Grace had four coaches of attendants, two of them went before him and two of them after him. And Garter, the Black Rod, and Serjeant, every evening during the trial (after the Black Rod had delivered the white staff to his Grace, at the alighting out of his coach), attended his Grace up-stairs, his Grace entertaining them at his own table at supper each day of the trial."

The Court having assembled in great state, proclamation was made as follows:—

"O yes, O yes, O yes! Lieutenant of the Tower of London, bring forth your prisoners to the bar, according to the order of the House of Lords to you directed."

"Then James, Earl of Derwentwater; William, Lord Widdrington; William, Earl of Nithsdale; Robert, Earl of Carnwath; William, Viscount Kenmure; and William, Lord Nairn, were all brought to the bar by the Deputy-Governor of the Tower, having the axe carried before them by the gentleman jailor, who stood with it on the left hand of the prisoners, with the edge turned from him. The prisoners, when they approached the bar (after kneeling), bowed to his Grace, the Lord High Steward, and to the House of Peers; which compliment was returned them by his Grace, and the House of Peers."

I omit here what occurred as to the other peers, and confine the account to the Earl of Nithsdale. Before passing sentence, the Lord High Steward thus addressed him:

"William, Earl of Nithsdale, what hath your lordship to say for yourself, why judgment should not be passed upon you according to law?"

Lord Nithsdale.—"My lords, I have confessed myself guilty, relying on his Majesty's mercy; and I beg leave to assure your lordships, I was never privy to any plot or design against his Majesty's person or government; and was unprovided with any necessities for such a purpose; but rashly and inconsiderately, with only four of my servants, joined those who appeared in arms in my neighbourhood, and was one of the last who went unto them. At Preston, my lords, his Majesty's generals gave great hopes and encouragement to believe that surrendering to his Majesty's mercy was the ready way to obtain it; with repeated assurances that his Majesty was a prince of the greatest clemency. Upon those hopes and assurances I submitted myself, and still entirely depend on his Majesty's goodness, earnestly beseeching your lordships, and the honourable House of Commons, to intercede with his Majesty on my behalf. And I do solemnly promise your lordships, I shall, during the remainder of my life, pay the utmost duty and gratitude to his most gracious Majesty, and the highest veneration and respect to your lordships, and the honourable House of Commons."

Lord High Steward.—"I must also ask your lordship (your lordship's voice not reaching thus far) whether you have pleaded anything in arrest of judgment?"

Lord Nithsdale.—"No, my lords, I have not."

The Lord High Steward, after a long address, full of loyalty to and admiration of George I. and the House of Brunswick, thus pronounced judgment:

"And now, my lords, nothing remains, but that I pass upon you (and sorry I am that it falls to my lot to do it) that terrible sentence of the law, which must be the same that is usually given against the meanest offender in the like kind. The most ignominious and painful parts of it are usually remitted by the grace of the Crown to persons of your quality; but the law, in this case, being deaf to all distinctions of persons, requires I should pronounce, and accordingly it is adjudged

by this Court: 'That you, James, Earl of Derwentwater; William, Lord Widdrington; William, Earl of Nithsdale; Robert, Earl of Carnwath; William, Viscount Kenmure; and William, Lord Nairn, and every of you, return to the prison of the Tower, from whence you came; from thence you must be drawn to the place of execution: when you come there, you must be hanged by the neck, but not till you be dead; for you must be cut down alive: then your bowels must be taken out, and burned before your faces; then your heads must be severed from your bodies, and your bodies be divided, each into four quarters, and these must be at the King's disposal. And God Almighty be merciful to your souls.'

Serjeant-at-Arms.—"O yes. Our Sovereign Lord the King strictly charges and commands all manner to keep silence upon pain of imprisonment."

Then the Lord High Chancellor stood up, uncovered, and declaring that there was nothing more to be done by virtue of the present commission, broke the staff and pronounced it dissolved; and then leaving the chair, came down to the woolpack and said: "Is it your lordships' pleasure to adjourn to the House of Lords?"

Lords.—"Ay, ay."

Then the House adjourned to the House above, and the Lords and others returned in the same order they came down.

After sentence past, great interest was made on behalf of the unfortunate lords for mercy; insomuch, that the House of Lords presented an address to the King, "To reprieve such of them as should deserve his mercy;" to which the King only answered, "That on this and all other occasions, he would do what he thought most consistent with the dignity of his crown, and the safety of his people." However, Lord Widdrington, Lord Carnwath, and Lord Nairn, were reprieved, and afterwards pardoned; but the other three, Lord Derwentwater, Lord Nithsdale, and Lord Kenmure, were ordered for execution on February 24th.

Early that morning, the scaffold on Tower-hill was surrounded with the Guards, and a little before ten two victims only appeared, the Earl of Derwentwater and Viscount Kenmure; they were carried in a hackney coach from the Tower to the transport-office, on Tower-hill, and thence led to the scaffold and beheaded, the more revolting parts of the judgment being remitted.

The third victim had, to the astonishment of all London, and to the satisfaction of most people, escaped his doom. His wife had admirably planned and successfully carried out his rescue from the Tower, the very night before the ordered execution. Even King George himself was struck with the wonderful and happy daring of her act, and despite of his wrath against Lady Nithsdale, could not forbear exclaiming on first hearing of it: "It is de very best ting a woman could do for a man in his condition."

Of the particulars of this marvellous escape, no record can possibly surpass Lady Nithsdale's own narrative; the original of which is preserved in the library of Lord Arundel, at Wardour Castle, and which is entitled:

"A letter from Winifred Herbert, Countess of Nithsdale, to her sister, the Lady Lucy Herbert, Abbess of the English Augustine Nuns, at Bruges, containing a circumstantial account of the escape of her husband, William Maxwell, fifth Earl of Nithsdale, from the Tower of London, on Friday the 23d of February 1716."

The following is the letter:

"DEAR SISTER,—My lord's escape is now such an old story that I have almost forgotten it; but since you have desired me to give you a circumstantial account of it, I will endeavour to recal to my memory, and to be as exact in the narration as I possibly can; for I owe you too many obligations to refuse you anything that lies in my power to do. I think I owe myself the justice to set out with the motives which influenced me to undertake so hazardous an attempt, which I despaired of thoroughly accomplishing, foreseeing a thousand obstacles, which never could be surmounted, but by the most particular interposition of Divine providence. I confided in Almighty God, and trusted that he would not abandon me even when all human succours failed me.

"I first came to London on hearing that my lord was committed to the Tower. I was at the same time informed that he had expressed the greatest anxiety to see me, having, as he afterwards told me, nobody to console him till I came. I rode to Newcastle, and from thence took the stage to York. When I arrived there the snow was so deep that the stage would not set out for London. The season was so severe and the roads so extremely bad, that the post itself was stopped. However, I took horses and rode to London, though the snow was generally above the horses' girths, and arrived safe without any accident. On my arrival, I went immediately to make what interest I could among those who were in place. No one gave me any hopes, but they all, to the contrary, assured me that, although some of the prisoners were to be pardoned, yet my lord would certainly not be of the number. When I inquired into the reason of this distinction, I could obtain no other answer than that they would not flatter me. But I soon perceived the reasons which they declined alleging to me. A Roman Catholic, upon the frontiers of Scotland, who headed a very considerable party, a man whose family had always signalized itself by its loyalty to the royal house of Stuart, and who was the only support of the Catholics against the inveteracy of the Whigs, who were very numerous in that part of Scotland, would become an agreeable sacrifice to the opposite party. They still retained a lively remembrance of his grandfather, who defended his own castle of Carlaverock to the last extremity, and surrendered it up only at the express command of his royal master. Now, having his grandson in their power, they were determined not to let him escape out of their hands. Upon

this I formed the resolution to attempt his escape, but opened my intention to nobody but my dear Evans. In order to concert measures, I strongly solicited to be permitted to see my lord, which they refused to grant me, unless I would remain confined with him in the Tower. This I would not submit to, and alleged for excuse, that my health would not permit me to undergo the confinement. The real reason of my refusal was not to put it out of my power to accomplish my designs; however, bribing the guards, I often contrived to see my lord, till the day upon which the prisoners were condemned. After that, for the last week, we were allowed to see and take our leave of them. By the assistance of Evans, I had prepared everything necessary to disguise my lord, but had the utmost difficulty to prevail upon him to make use of them. However, I at length succeeded by the help of Almighty God. On the 22d of February, which fell on a Thursday, our general petition was presented to the House of Lords, the purport of which was to interest the lords to intercede with his Majesty to pardon the prisoners. We were, however, disappointed; the day before the petition was to be presented, the Duke of St. Albans, who had promised my Lady Derwentwater to present it, when it came to the point, failed in his word. However, as she was the only English Countess concerned, it was incumbent on her to have it presented. We had but one day left before the execution, and the Duke still promised to present the petition; but for fear he should fail, I engaged the Duke of Montrose to secure its being done by the one or the other. I then went in company with most of the ladies of quality, then in town, to solicit the interest of the lords as they were going to the House. They all behaved to me with great civility, but particularly the Earl of Pembroke, who, though he desired me not to speak to him, yet he promised to employ his interest in my favour, and honourably kept his word, for he spoke very strongly in our behalf. The subject of the debate was, whether the King had the power to pardon those who had been condemned by Parliament; and it was chiefly owing to Lord Pembroke's speech that it was carried in the affirmative; however, one of the lords stood up, and said that the House could only intercede for those of the prisoners who should approve themselves worthy of their intercession, but not for all of them indiscriminately. This salvo quite blasted all my hopes, for I was assured that it was aimed at the exclusion of those who should refuse to subscribe to the petition, which was a thing I knew my lord would never submit to; nor, in fact, could I wish to preserve his life on those terms. As the motion had passed generally, I thought I could draw from it some advantage in favour of my design. Accordingly, I immediately left the House of Lords and hastened to the Tower, where affecting an air of joy and satisfaction I told the guards I passed by, that I came to bring joyful tidings to the prisoners; I desired them to lay aside their fears, for the petition had passed the House in their favour. I then gave them some money to drink to the Lords and his Majesty, though it was but trifling, for I thought if I

were too liberal on the occasion, they might suspect my designs, and that giving them something would gain their good will and services of the next day, which was the eve of execution.

"The next morning I could not go to the Tower, having so many things on my hands to put in readiness; but in the evening, when all was ready, I sent for Mrs. Mills, with whom I lodged, and acquainted her with my design for attempting my lord's escape, as there was no prospect of his being pardoned, and this was the last night before the execution. I told her that I had everything in readiness, and that I trusted she would not refuse to accompany me, that my lord might pass for her. I pressed her to come immediately, as we had no time to lose. At the same time I sent to Mrs. Morgan, then usually known by the name of Hilton, to whose acquaintance my dear Evans had introduced me, which I look upon as a very singular happiness. I immediately communicated my resolutions to her. She was of a very tall, slender make, so I begged her to put under her own riding hood one that I had prepared for Mrs. Mills, as she was to lend her's to my lord, that in coming out he might be taken for her. Mrs. Mills was then with child, so that she would not only be of the same height, but nearly of the same size as my lord. When we were in the coach, I never ceased talking, that they might have no leisure to reflect. Their surprise and astonishment when I first opened my design to them had made them consent, without ever thinking of the consequences. On our arrival at the Tower, the first I introduced was Mrs. Morgan (for I was only allowed to take in one at a time), she brought in the clothes that were to serve Mrs. Mills when she had left her own behind her. When Mrs. Morgan had taken off what she had brought for my purpose, I conducted her back to the staircase, and in going, I begged her to send me my maid to dress me, that I was afraid of being too late to present my last petition that night, if she did not come immediately. I despatched her safe, and went partly downstairs to meet Mrs. Mills, who had the precaution to hold her handkerchief to her face, as is natural for a woman to do when she is going to take her last farewell of a friend on the eve of his execution. I had, indeed, desired her to do so, that my lord might go out in the same manner. Her eyebrows were rather inclined to be sandy, and my lord's were very dark and very thick; however, I had prepared some paint of the colour of her's to disguise his with; I also brought an artificial hairdress of the same coloured hair as hers, and I painted his face with white and his cheeks with rouge, to hide his long beard, which he had not time to shave. All this provision I had before left in the Tower. The poor guards, whom my slight liberality the day before had endeared me to, let me go quietly out with my company, and were not so strictly on the watch as they usually had been, and the more so as they were persuaded from what I had told them the day before, that the prisoners would obtain their pardon. I made Mrs. Mills take off her own hood, and put on that which I had brought for her; I then took her by the hand and

led her out of my lord's chamber ; and in passing through the next room, in which were several people, with all the concern imaginable, I said, 'My dear Mrs. Catherine, go in all haste and send me my waiting-maid ; she certainly cannot reflect how late it is ; I am to present my petition to-night, and if I let slip this opportunity I am undone, for to-morrow will be too late ; hasten her as much as possible, for I shall be on thorns till she comes.' Everybody in the room, who were chiefly the guards' wives and daughters, seemed to compassionate me exceedingly, and the sentinel officiously opened me the door. When I had seen her safe out, I returned to my lord and finished dressing him. I had taken care that Mrs. Mills did not go out crying, as she came in, that my lord might better pass for the lady who came in crying and afflicted, and the more so, because he had the same dress as which she wore. When I had almost finished dressing my lord, in all my petticoats except one, I perceived it was growing dark, and was afraid that the light of the candles might betray us, so I resolved to set off. I went out leading him by the hand, whilst he held his handkerchief to his eyes. I spoke to him in the most piteous and afflicted tone of voice, bewailing bitterly the negligence of Evans, who had ruined me by her delay. Then I said : 'My dear Mrs. Belly, for the love of God, run quickly and bring her with you ; you know my lodging, and if you ever made despatch in your life, do it at present ; I am almost distracted with this disappointment.' The guards opened the door, and I went down-stairs with him, still conjuring him to make all possible despatch. As soon as he had cleared the door, I made him walk before me, for fear the sentinel should take notice of his walk, but I still continued to press him to make all the despatch he possibly could. At the bottom of the stairs I met my dear Evans, into whose hands I confided him. I had before engaged Mr. Mills to be in readiness before the Tower, to conduct him to some place of safety, in case we succeeded. He looked upon the affair as so very improbable to succeed, that his astonishment, when he saw us, threw him in such a consternation that he was almost out of himself ; which Evans perceiving, with the greatest presence of mind, without telling him anything lest he should mistrust them, conducted him to some of her own friends, on whom she could rely, and so secured him, without which we should have been undone. When she had conducted him and left him with them, she returned to Mr. Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment. They went home together, and having found a place of security they conducted him to it.

"In the meantime, as I had pretended to have sent the young lady on a message, I was obliged to return up-stairs, and go back to my lord's room in the same feigned anxiety of being too late, so that everybody seemed sincerely to sympathize in my distress. When I was in the room, I talked as if he had been really present : I answered my own questions in my lord's voice as nearly as I could imitate it ; I walked up and down as if we were conversing together, till I thought they had time

enough thoroughly to clear themselves of the guards. I then thought proper to make off also. I opened the door, and stood half in it, that those in the outward chamber might hear what I said, but held it so close that they could not look in. I bade my lord formal farewell for the night, and added that something more than usual must have happened to make Evans negligent on this important occasion, who had always been so punctual in the smallest trifles; that I saw no other remedy but to go in person; that if the Tower was still open, when I had finished my business, I would return that night; but he might be assured I would be with him as early in the morning as I could gain admittance into the Tower, and I flattered myself I should bring more favourable news. Then, before I shut the door, I pulled through the string of the latch, so that it could only be opened in the inside. I then shut it with some degree of force, that I might be sure of its being well shut. I said to the servant, as I passed by (who was quite ignorant of the whole transaction), that he need not carry in candles to his master, till my lord sent for them, as he desired to finish some prayers first. I went down-stairs and called a coach, as there were several on the stand, and drove home to my lodgings, where poor Mr. McKenzie had been waiting to carry the petition, in case my attempt had failed. I told him there was no need of any petition, as my lord was safe out of the Tower, and out of the hands of his enemies, as I supposed, but that I did not know where he was. I discharged the coach and sent for a sedan chair, and went to the Duchess of Buccleuch, who expected me about that time, as I had begged of her to present the petition for me, having taken my precaution against all events. I asked if she was at home, and they answered me that she expected me, and had another duchess with her. I refused to go up-stairs, as she had company with her and I was not in a condition to see any other company. I begged to be shown into a chamber below-stairs, and that they would have the goodness to send her grace's maid to me, having something to say to her. I had discharged the chair, lest I should be pursued and watched.

When the maid came, I desired her to present my most humble respects to her grace, who they told me had company with her, and to acquaint her that this was my only reason for not coming up-stairs. I also charged her with my sincerest thanks for her kind offer to accompany me, when I went to present my petition. I added, that she might spare herself any further trouble, as it was judged more advisable to present one general petition in the name of all; however, that I would never be unmindful of my particular obligation to her grace, and which I should return very soon to acknowledge in person. I then ordered one of the servants to call a chair, and I went to the Duchess of Montrose, who had always borne a part in my distresses. When I arrived, she left her company, to deny herself, not being desirous to see me under the affliction she judged me to be in. By mistake, however, I was admitted, so there was no remedy. She came

to me, and as my heart was in an ecstasy of joy, I expressed it in my countenance. As she entered the room, I ran up to her in the transport of my joy; she appeared to be extremely shocked and frightened, and has since confessed to me, that she apprehended my troubles had thrown me out of myself, till I communicated my happiness to her. She then advised me to return, for that the King was highly displeased, and even enraged, at the petition I had presented to him, and had complained of it severely. I sent for another chair, for I always discharged them immediately that I might not be pursued. Her grace said she would go to Court and see how the news of my lord's escape was received.

"When the news was brought to the King, he flew into an excessive passion, and said he was betrayed, for it could not have been done without a confederacy. He instantly despatched two persons to the Tower, to see that the other prisoners were well secured, lest they should follow the example. Some threw the blame upon me, some upon another. The Duchess was the only one at Court that knew it. When I left the Duchess, I went to a house that Evans had found out for me, and where she promised to acquaint me where my lord was. She got thither some few minutes after me, and told me that when she had seen him secure, she went to search for Mr. Mills, who by this time had recovered himself from his astonishment; that he had returned to his house, where she found him, and that he had removed my lord from the first place, where she had desired him to wait, to the house of a poor woman, directly opposite the guard-house. She had but one small room up one pair of stairs, and a very small bed in it. We threw ourselves on the bed that we might not be heard walking up and down. She left us a bottle of wine and some bread, and Mrs. Mills brought us some more in her pockets the next day. We subsisted on this provision from Thursday to Saturday night, when Mr. Mills came and conducted my lord to the Venetian ambassador's. He did not communicate the affair to his excellency but concealed him in his own room till Wednesday, on which day the ambassador's coach and six was to go down to Dover to meet his brother. My lord put on a livery and went down in the retinue without the least suspicion, to Dover, where Mr. Michel (which was the name of the ambassador's servant) hired a small vessel and immediately set sail for Calais. The passage was so remarkable that the Captain threw out this reflection: that the wind could not have served better if his passengers had been flying for their lives, little thinking it to be really the case. Mr. Michel might have easily returned, without suspicion of having been concerned in my lord's escape, but my lord seemed inclined to have him with him, and he has at present a good place under our young master.

"This is an exact and as full an account of this affair, and of the persons concerned in it, as I could possibly give you to the best of memory, and you may rely upon the truth of it. For my part I absconded to the

house of an honset man in Drury Lane, where I remained till I was assured of my lord's safe arrival on the continent. I then wrote to the Duchess of Buccleuch (everybody thought, till then, that I was gone off with my lord) to tell her I understood that I was suspected of having contrived my lord's escape, as was very natural to suppose; that if I could have been happy enough to have done it, I should be flattered to have the merit of it attributed to me; but that a bare suspicion, without proof, would never be sufficient grounds for my being punished for a supposed offence, though it might be a motive sufficient for me to provide a place of security; so I entreated her to procure leave for me to go about my business. So far from granting my request they were resolved to secure me if possible. After many debates Mr. Solicitor-General, who was an utter stranger to me, had the humanity to say that since I showed such respect to Government, as not to appear in public, it would be cruel to make any search after me. Upon which it was decided that no further search should be made if I remained concealed; but that if I appeared, either in England or in Scotland, I should be secured. But this was not sufficient for me, unless I could submit to see my son exposed to beggary. My lord sent for me up to town in such haste, that I had not time to settle anything before I left Scotland. I had in my hands all the family papers and dared trust them to nobody. My house might have been searched without warning, consequently they were far from being secure there. In this distress I had the precaution to bury them in the ground, and nobody but myself and the gardener knew where they were. I did the same with other things of value. The event proved that I had acted prudently, for after my departure they searched the house, and God only knows what might have transpired from those papers.

"All these circumstances rendered my presence absolutely necessary, otherwise they might have been lost, for though they retained the highest preservation after one very severe winter—for when I took them up they were as dry as if they came from the fireside—yet they could not possibly have remained so much longer without prejudice. In short, as I had once exposed my life for the safety of the father, I could not do less than hazard it once more for the fortune of the son. I had never travelled on horseback but from York to London, as I told you, but the difficulties did not arise now from the severity of the season, but the fear of being discovered and arrested. To avoid this, I bought three saddled horses and set off with my dear Evans, and a very trusty servant, whom I brought with me out of Scotland. We put up at all the smallest inns on the road, that could take in a few horses, and where I thought I was not known; for I was thoroughly known at all the considerable inns on the northern road. Thus I arrived safe at Traquhair, where I thought myself secure, for the Lieutenant of the County, being a friend of my lord's, would not permit any search to be made after me without sending me previous notice to abscond. Here I had the assurance to rest myself

for two whole days, pretending I was going to my house with leave from Government. I sent no notice to my house, that the magistrates of Dumfries might not make too narrow inquiries about me. So they were ignorant of my arrival in the county till I was at home, where I still feigned to have permission to remain. To carry on the deceit the better, I sent to all my neighbours and invited them to come to my house. I took up my papers at night, and sent them to Traquhair. It was a particular stroke of Providence that I made the despatch I did, for they soon suspected me, and by a very favourable accident, one of them was overheard to say to the magistrates of Dumfries, that the next day they would insist on seeing my leave from Government. This was bruited about, and when I was told of it, I expressed my surprise that they should be so backward in coming so late to pay their respects; 'but,' said I, 'better late than never, be sure to tell them that they shall be welcome whenever they choose to come.' This was after dinner, but I lost no time to put everything in readiness with all possible secrecy; and the next morning before day-break I set off for London, with the same attendance, as before put up at the smallest inns, and arrived safe once more.

"On my arrival, the report was still fresh of my journey into Scotland, in defiance of their prohibition.

"A lady informed me that the King was extremely incensed at the news, and that he had issued orders to have me arrested; adding, that I did whatever I pleased in spite of all his designs, and that I had given him more trouble and anxiety than any other woman in Europe. For which reason I kept myself as closely concealed as possible, till the heat of these reports had abated. In the meantime, I took the opinion of a very famous lawyer, who was a man of the strictest probity. He advised me to go off as soon as they had ceased searching after me. I followed his advice, and, about a fortnight after, escaped without any accident whatever. The reason he alleged for his opinion was this, that although, in other circumstances, a wife cannot be prosecuted for saving her husband, yet in cases of high treason, according to the rigour of the law, the head of the wife is responsible for that of the husband; and as the King was so highly incensed there could be no answering for the consequences, and he therefore entreated me to leave the kingdom. The King's resentment was greatly increased by the petition I presented, contrary to his express orders. But my lord was very anxious that a petition might be presented, hoping that it would be at least serviceable to me. I was in my own mind convinced that it would be to no purpose, but as I wished to please my lord, I desired him to have it drawn up, and I undertook to make it come to the King's hand, notwithstanding all the precaution he had taken to avoid it. So the first day that I heard the king was to go to the drawing-room, I dressed myself in black as if I was in mourning. I sent for Mrs Morgan (the same who accompanied me to the Tower) because, as I did not know his Majesty personally, I might have mis-

taken some other person for him. She stood by me and told me when he was coming. I had also another lady with me, and we three remained in a room, between the King's apartments and the drawing-room, so that he was obliged to go through it, and as there was three windows in it, we sat in the middle one, that I might have time enough to meet him before he could pass. I threw myself at his feet and told him, in French, that I was the unfortunate Countess of Nithsdale, that he might not be ignorant of my person. But perceiving that he wanted to go off, without receiving my petition, I caught hold of the skirts of his coat, that he might stop and hear me. He endeavoured to escape out of my hands, but I kept such a strong hold that he dragged me from the middle of the room to the door of the drawing-room. At last, one of the blue ribbands, who attended his Majesty, took me round the waist, whilst another wrested the coat out of my hands. The petition, which I had endeavoured to thrust into his pocket, fell down in the scuffle, and I almost fainted through grief and disappointment. One of the gentlemen in waiting took the petition, and as I knew it ought to have been given to the Lord of the Bedchamber who was then in waiting, I wrote to him, and entreated him to do me the favour to read the petition, which I had had the honour to present to his Majesty.

"Fortunately for me, it happened to be my Lord Dorset, with whom Mrs. Morgan was very intimate. Accordingly, she went into the drawing-room and presented him a letter, which he received very graciously. He could not read it then, as he was at cards with the prince, but as soon as the game was over, he read it; and behaved, as I afterwards learnt, with the greatest zeal for my interest, and was seconded by the Duke of Montrose, who had seen me in the ante-chamber and wanted to speak to me, but I made him a sign not to come near me, lest his acquaintance should thwart my designs. But it became the topic of their conversation the rest of the evening, and the harshness with which I had been treated soon spread abroad, not much to the honour of the King. Many people reflected that they had themselves presented petitions, and that he had never rejected the most indigent-objects. But this behaviour, to a person of quality, was a strong instance of brutality. These reflections, which circulated about, raised the King to the highest pitch of hatred and indignation against my person, as he has since allowed; for when the ladies, whose husbands had been concerned in this affair, presented their petitions for dower, mine was presented amongst the rest, but the King said I was not entitled to the same privilege, and, in fact, I was excluded; and it is remarkable that he would never suffer my name to be mentioned. For these reasons everybody judged it prudent for me to leave the kingdom; for so long as this hatred of the King subsisted I could not be safe, and as it was not probable that I could escape falling into his hands, I accordingly went.

"This is the full narrative of what you desired, and of all the transactions which passed relative to this affair. Nobody besides yourself

could have obtained it from me ; but the obligations I owe you, throw me under the necessity of refusing you nothing that is in my power to do. As this is for yourself alone, your indulgence will excuse all the faults which must occur in this long recital. The truth you may, however, depend upon ; attend to that, and overlook all deficiencies. My lord desires you to be assured of his sincere friendship.

—“ I am, with strongest attachment, my dear sister, yours most affectionately,
WINIFRED NITHSDALE.”

The escaped Earl of Nithsdale, having got safe to the continent, fixed his sojourn at Rome, and died there on the 20th March 1844. His wife survived him some five years, and departed this life, in the same city, in 1749 : they had issue a daughter, Anne, married to John, Lord Bellew, of the kingdom of Ireland, and a son William, who, but for his father's attainder, would have been sixth Earl of Nithsdale, and Baron Herries of Terregles, and whose only child, Winifred, by her marriage with William Haggerston Constable, Esq. of Everingham, county York, brought into that family the claim to the Barony of Herries of Terregles a title limited to the heirs, whether male or female, of the body of the first donee. This claim, and the memory of Lord Nithsdale and his devoted wife have met with great favour in the eyes of Her present Most Gracious Majesty. An Act of Parliament was passed in 1846, by which the above named Mr. Constable's grandson, Mr. William Constable-Maxwell, and all other descendants of William, Earl of Nithsdale, were restored in blood. In consequence of this Mr. Constable-Maxwell, on a petition to Her Majesty, and on that petition being referred to the House of Lords, and being decided in his favour, was declared entitled to the Barony of Herries and he is the present Lord Herries of Terregles. It should be added that that influential and highly respected nobleman, Sir Henry Maxwell, K.P., Lord Farnham, is the head and representative of an Irish branch of this time-honoured family of Maxwell of Carlaverock.

HARRY VOWHAMPTON.—A NOVELETTE.

BY FEATHER PENN, ESQ.

(Continued from Vol. IV., p. 602.)

CHAPTER IX.

VERY AWKWARD WHEN MONEY-LENDERS AND GUARDIANS OF HEIRESSES HAPPEN
TO BE THE SAME PERSONS.

EARLY on the following morning an urgent note was sent to Mr. Carsellis, which concluded with these words :

"I very earnestly desire your advice on a subject, in which my feelings are deeply interested; pray defer any other engagements, and come to your affectionate ward,

ELINOR."

This note, she well knew, would accomplish its object. Mr. Carsellis greatly respected Elinor Homewood; she was one of those bright-hearted and transparently good girls who command homage from old and young; and her understanding and judgment had always been equal to the questions which had occurred since her father's death. Indeed she was of the salt of womankind, and Mr. Carsellis knew it. If she were gay in her youth and beauty, admiration and homage could not make her critical and heartless; and she considered herself enviably fortunate in having won Frank Willmott, forgetful that on her part she had beauty, worth and fortune, and her woman's heart to give him in exchange for his honest devotion. At the hour appointed by the note, Mr. Carsellis, as might be expected, duly appeared; and as he was received by Elinor alone in the library, the guardian feared there had been some unpleasant objections taken to the arrangements settled yesterday. Elinor very quickly explained away this fear, by telling him gaily that, in the afternoon of yesterday, she had been honoured by an unexpected proposal of marriage, and in her dilemma had referred the new suitor to him, her guardian.

"But, Nelly," said the puzzled adviser, "why refer him to me; you might as well have referred him to Mr. Willmott at once? Pray who is the sensible young fellow who has discovered a certain pretty girl has both money and good looks?"

"Oh! for that," answered Elinor, "a very good judge, I imagine: the new M.P. for Cramborough, Mr. Harry Vowhampton; do you know him?"

The guardian, who was also a money-lender to his friends, fairly gave a start. He was really impressed by the discretion and good taste of the young spendthrift, and laughed as he said:

"Be thankful, Nelly, that you are already as good as married, and that our clever young friend must find an heiress at some other house in Russell, or the other Squares. In truth, I hope he may for he owes me more money than most gentlemen like to find charged on their estates. Yes," continued the guardian, in a serious voice, "I am glad, Elinor, he was not an earlier rival to Frank: who knows, you might have chosen him and marred all our efforts to save you from a poor and extravagant man."

"Well, as I am not thinking of marrying him," replied Elinor, "pray let us arrange what you are to say to him; and first read this letter from my cousin; then, gently placing her young rosy hand on the old man's arm, she added, "I am sure, I may trust you with a woman's heart secret."

And so she might, for Mr. Carsellis was an honourable man, and of wide experience, which had lifted him above the herd of vulgar sneerers who forget, whether wisely or not, that in the wilderness of fashionable life, it is still the love of woman (worthy or worthless) that gives a clue to the directions in which nearly all are wandering.

The letter was carefully read, and, in giving it back to Elinor, Mr. Carsellis, observed: "Vowhampton has one good quality for which I did not give him credit."

"And what may that be?"

"His affections are stronger than I believed—but now, Nelly, remember I am a business man, what do you want with me?"

"To marry Vowhampton to my cousin Annie."

"A fine project, truly! I am not sure I should have come here so readily if you had imprudently explained what you wanted in your note."

"I am very serious," said Elinor, "and I earnestly ask you: would you let him marry your own daughter?"

"Certainly not, if she would take my counsel; unless—"

"Unless what?"

"Unless she loved him as your cousin, Annie, seems to love him."

"And then?"

"To keep peace in my family, I should yield: yes, I should yield, for I think there is promise in the young fellow. He wants a kind friend and man of the world to help him with a good round sum of money and a little sound advice."

"I do thank you, sincerely, for saying so much," exclaimed Elinor, as she took both her guardian's hands within her own, "for I wish very earnestly to secure my cousin's happiness!—we are orphans," said the dear girl, as her eyes glistened with tears, "and our hearts are bound together very closely."

"God bless you," said old Mr. Carsellis, "you are as good a girl as walks upon English ground, and may command me. What would you have me do?"

"Mr. Vowhampton will come here, in this room, at three o'clock to-day. I want you to stay and see him. To tell him, first, from me, that confiding in him, as a gentleman and my friend, I have to inform

him my marriage settlements were yesterday completed with Mr. Frank Willmott ; and that I am sure he will not require any further answer to his proposal to me ; and, next, that I have a very dear wish, which, for his own sake, and the sake of my cousin Annie, I have asked you to make known to him. Tell him," she proceeded, "that I hope he can forget, as I shall forget, he was once induced, in a time of great difficulty, to value one cousin's money more than the other's affection, but that I fully rely that he will, after winning my cousin's heart, fulfil his engagement to her, when the difficulties of the present moment no longer control his wishes."

"Ha, ha!" inquired Mr. Carsellis, "what am I to say about Annie's fortune? I have a notion that would be a great smoothen of difficulties."

"Exactly so," answered the rational heiress ; "and I think you, *in your own words and person*, might encourage the poor fellow to follow the inclination of his heart, and the mention of her dowry is not unlikely to revive his former attachment ; don't you think so?"

"I am afraid his pride may spoil all your kind plans."

"I think he is proud enough to be humble. Is it fair to ask you how deeply he is in debt?"

"Very nearly £9000 ; that is to say, there is that amount, with accumulating interest, charged upon his mother's property, which will one day be his own, but which is certainly not worth more than £15,000."

"If he marries Annie, could you not get him £10,000 on the property?"

"Of course, I could. I would let him have it myself."

"Will you then try and conclude these plans for my sake," said Elinor, in conclusion ; "they would make my own marriage all the happier."

"Then, indeed, all that I can do shall be done, Nelly."

The match-making Elinor and her guardian at this point came to silence : there was just then nothing more to say in the library, so they adjourned to luncheon with Mrs. Witherington, who fancied that Mr. Carsellis had called on his own affairs.

After the wine and sandwiches, the compliments and gossip of luncheon, had been drunk, eaten, said, and listened to, Elinor carried her aunt off to the Park, before three o'clock, and left Mr. Carsellis in the library ostensibly to look through the family pedigree papers. He re-read the letter from Annie, as soon as he was alone, and mentally prepared himself for the coming interview.

Vowhampton's errand was one that demanded that he should be punctual, and thus it happened that, at two minutes past three o'clock, the door swayed back and the footman announced Mr. Vowhampton.

When people have their wits about them and are not naturally of an absent turn of mind, they at once recognize an acquaintance wherever he turns up, although in the most unexpected of places ; but then Vowhampton, when he entered the library, was really so deeply engaged

in the thought of meeting Elinor's *guardian*, and only Elinor's guardian, that it was not until he accepted the offered hand of Mr. Carsellis, he was conscious of the identity of Mr. Carsellis, the money-lender, with Mr. Carsellis, the guardian of Elinor Homewood.

Good-breeding and intercourse with the world often help a man's tact, as they did Vowhampton on the present occasion; for, without them, he would have been so overwhelmed with his peculiar and very embarrassing position, that his manner would have undoubtedly betrayed his feelings very much akin to those of a trapped animal. As it was, the superior sagacity of the man of society just saved appearances behind that very useful outwork of conversation, a ready compliment.

"Ah, Mr. Carsellis, you here? Well, I have to thank Miss Homewood's guardian that he is also my own very good friend."

Pretty well for a young man who had borrowed £9000 of the said guardian, and who must have felt conscious that "his very good friend" was just at that moment setting him down as confoundedly impudent!

"Yes," quietly assented, Mr. Carsellis, "I hope I am both."

"And, as the former," commenced Vowhampton, "you must be acquainted with the pleasant interview I had yesterday with your ward?"

"Perfectly, I believe, and I am here by her appointment to give you an answer to your proposal."

"My proposal of marriage," anxiously said the suitor.

"To your proposal of marriage," repeated the guardian; "after you have favoured me with a statement of your position."

This little speech had been put in slyly by Mr. Carsellis, to shame Vowhampton, and in effect the suitor did wince severely.

"Plainly then, I came prepared to do so, but with Mr. Carsellis I need hardly go through the difficulties with which he is already so well acquainted."

"And which, as Miss Elinor Homewood's guardian," sternly said the old man, "I shall not again examine. No sir! I am here, as her friend and for a very different purpose."

The new M.P. began to wish himself anywhere but face to face with Mr. Carsellis, who, however, calmly continued:

"I am first requested to tell you, sir, on behalf of one of the most estimable ladies in England, my ward, that she confides to you, as a gentleman and her *friend*—(Vowhampton felt a little relieved at this last phrase)—as a gentleman and her friend, the fact that on the morning of the day on which you made proposals in the afternoon, Miss Elinor Homewood's marriage contract was completed with Mr. Frank Willmott. I therefore need add no more words on that subject, but I have still to say on the part of the lady that she has just become acquainted with similar proposals made by you to her cousin, Miss Annie Homewood, and that for the latter's sake, you are asked to keep inviolably secret the nature of the interview that took place here yesterday."

"Mr. Carsellis," interrupted Vowhampton, looking haggard with

emotion, "for heaven's sake, let this conversation end : it must be painful to you, and listening makes me mad.

"You must listen, sir, and if you once esteemed my ward, you will still more highly respect and esteem her before I have done. She wishes to make you happy."

"Almost disbelieving his ears, Vowhampton said : "Happy ! I should think, sir, you were trifling with me at any other time than this."

In answer, Mr. Carsellis gave his hand, saying : "At this moment I am your best friend—listen. I now speak for myself and as a man. Miss Homewood knows you sought to marry her for her fortune and she forgives you ! as she also well knows the straits to which you were reduced before you adopted the resource ; but she also believes, and, sir, I believe," said Mr. Carsellis with emphasis, "that you can give up your past extravagance and make for yourself a future."

"Sir," Vowhampton interrupted, with a certain proud self-respect in his tone, "I had given up my extravagance before I entered this house to propose to Miss Elinor."

"I am heartily glad to hear you say so—it was an honourable resolution and does you credit. Let me finish with reminding you there is still a Miss Homewood unmarried."

"Is she too a ward of yours ?"

"She was made one this morning, and I should be happy to hear any wishes you may have concerning her."

"Mr. Carsellis, I will tell you the whole truth. If I did not owe you some £9000, I would ask Annie Homewood to be my wife ; but as I am without the command of a single hundred pounds, I cannot afford to gratify my affections. I must marry a woman with money ; or what is now more likely, I shall live a poor bachelor amongst rich friends, a fate that will give me plenty of opportunity to regret my past follies."

"But I am under the impression, as guardian, that Miss Annie, although not an heiress, will possess a very handsome fortune ; indeed, to be frank, her dowry on her wedding day will certainly be worth £20,000, and to complete my candour, I may add that I hope this fortune may go with her heart."

Vowhampton seized his old friend's hand and asked : "Tell me how long has Annie had this fortune ? Does it come out of Elinor's ?"

"It does," said Mr. Carsellis, answering only the last question.

"And Miss Elinor Homewood gives this money to her cousin that a fortune-hunting lover, who has won her heart, may make her happy ?"

"That her cousin may find her happiness in marriage with a suitor who wishes to marry her but cannot."

"And do you, sir, think me the scoundrel to take advantage of such noble generosity ; what would you say of me ?"

"Harry Vowhampton, I believe you to be a man of honour. If you can, and with self-respect, marry the girl you choose, there is nothing which I know in these circumstances to prevent you both being happy. In keeping the resolutions you have made you will sustain your pride ;

and, speaking sincerely, I do pity a man like yourself, whose difficulties and social position prompt him to act as you have done. As you *have done*, but always against the grain of your honour as it was contrary to your heart. Go home, my boy, and think for yourself and, in deciding to act, remember it is better for the pride of one to suffer than the hearts of two. Good-bye !”

Thus dismissed, Vowhampton went home one of the most humbled men in all London, but with a feeling that he yet might be one of the happiest. On reviewing the whole affair, he was sensible that, act in any way he might, his pride had had its fall ; and, “leaving repentance to the weak,” he thought of the future. He boldly asked his own heart, and he felt strong in the strength of his resolutions—resolutions made to recover his position not so much for his own sake as for others. Then, but for his mother, and to save her peace of mind, would he have married any woman for her money ! and last came the sweet vision of a retrieved fortune with Annie for his wife, from whom (he could trust Elinor) this last episode in his weakness might for ever be concealed. Altogether the temptation to do right—for he would be doing right in marrying Annie—was too strong for the conventions of social pride, and he decided to meet and overcome his own shame. He would once more ask Annie Homewood to be his wife ! And he did wisely ; for it was surely better to disarm a generous woman like Elinor, by confessing his fault, and trusting in her friendship judging his infirmity with a friend’s partiality. So satisfied did Vowhampton feel that he would be acting rightly in marrying Annie Homewood, that, not to delay its execution, he sat down resolutely and wrote the following letter to Elinor :

“*May 13th, 1840, Evening.*

“MY DEAR MADAM,—I know of no second woman to whom I could write this letter ; nor could I send it to you if I had not perfect confidence in you as my judge.

“You have placed me in a most extraordinary position, and I have had to solve a most difficult social problem, which, taking counsel of my sense of honour, I have solved. I confess, I might not have been able to do so without your help. It is your own decision which has greatly assisted me in forming my own.

“I argued that you were fully acquainted with all the circumstances, in my affairs and conduct, necessary to enable you to form a judgment ; and when I thought that with such knowledge you had consented to wish me to become closely connected to your family, by the ties of relationship, I was encouraged to think my character was not so hateful as I had believed, and that my faults were the faults of social life which an honourable man might yet acknowledge without entirely sacrificing his self-respect, if he could, as I do, humble his spirit.

“I need hardly say, that upon leaving Mr. Carsellis this afternoon, my first thoughts repelled all the kindness of your actions ; but I found however haughtily I might refuse to follow in the path you had pointed out, yet I could never escape my own knowledge of recent events. I

therefore confronted my shame, and if you will allow me to say so, I overcame it. The knowledge of my own weakness having been forced upon me, I can bear that that weakness should also be known to your noble nature. Had you been any other than Elinor Homewood, I could never willingly have admitted this.

"And, after all, the greatest revenge, the present can take upon the past is to mould a nobler future. If I permit myself to forget that past, I boldly say, that at present there is no man more deserving of the hand of Annie Homewood than myself; if a fond determination to make every attempt to assure her happiness (and a fixed resolution, which needs not the spur of my ambition, of securing for her a happy and honourable home), give me any title to ask her forgiveness and acceptance of one, who is, my dear Madam, with great respect, your obliged servant,

"HARRY VOWHAMPTON."

To fix the seal on these resolutions, the letter was deliberately folded, addressed, and posted the same night; and Vowhampton felt, as he dropped the important sheet in the post-office, that the "supreme aim" of his existence had now taken possession of his very soul. And as in a man's body, the face is provided with clear-seeing eyes, whilst his back is blind of all vision, Annie's lover resolved in his new character to give his whole attention to the future. Did there yet remain a sting in his memory? each day and each step forward, should draw it out more and more, until the venom of the past should be entirely extracted, leaving only the scar to remind him the follies of his early life had been a preparation for the happy and honourable career which he fully meant to achieve for his own sake, and for the sake of Annie Homewood.

CHAPTER X.

SALLY FLOUNCE IS BREVETTED FROM THE KITCHEN TO THE PARLOUR.

THE only successful gag the world has invented for the tongue of gossip, is interest. Interest puts its padlock on the lawyer's secrets, the stockbroker's exclusive telegram, and the politician's bit of court-scandal. But there are a certain class of secrets, semi-secrets which are not dangerous to reveal, although they had better be preserved, and amongst such may be classed proctors' secrets. A proctor of Doctors' Commons is but a man, and, as often happens, a friendly social creature, partly spoiled by leisure and the reading of fashionable intelligence concerning marriages and deaths. A silent lawyer is indeed very common, but a silent proctor is a rarity; and, as he grants marriage licences, he is generally a ladies' favourite, or ought to be. Now, when Mr. Carsellis was at his country house, some twelve miles away from the gas-lamps of Piccadilly, his next neighbour was a Mr. Peter Prebbles of Doctors' Commons, and with whom Mr. Carsellis was on friendly terms, so that, if he had half-an-hour to spare when his engagements took him city-

ward, he would call at Mr. Prebbles' offices, and perhaps drink a couple of glasses of madeira, and eat a cracknell biscuit ; talking all the while of other people's affairs, but not of his own. On his part, Mr. Prebbles not unfrequently would talk of his own affairs. Thus it happened, that when Mr. Carsellis went to the Royal Exchange, the day after his interview with Vowhampton, he called at the proctor's chambers, and in course of conversation was asked :

"I fancy I have heard Miss Elinor Homewood is your ward?"

"She is ; but will not be shortly," said Mr. Carsellis.

"Ha ! ha ! and why not?"

"Simply, she will come of age next month."

"Now, why be so close over the other event," chirped merry Mr. Prebbles?

"What other event do you allude to?"

"The pretty girl is to have a husband, you know, don't you know?"

Posed with this direct question, and yet extremely puzzled to think how the fact could be already known, Mr. Carsellis, evasively asked : "And pray where did you hear such a report?"

"From the bridegroom!"

"From the bridegroom? Mr. Willmott?"

"Ha, ha, there must be two bridegrooms ; I gave a licence to a Mr. Arthur Oldbeau," said the proctor.

This speech completely bewildered Mr. Carsellis : in fact he began to think a ward, just coming of age and with a fortune, was a very troublesome article, which every one wanted to buy.

"All jesting apart, pray explain what you have just said."

"So I will, as seriously as the subject will allow," answered Mr. Prebbles ; "and it is simply that in the ordinary course of business my clerk gave to Mr. Arthur Oldbeau, gentleman, and to Miss Elinor Homewood, of Russell Square, a licence to marry."

"Sir, you astound me," said the guardian, "as you may suppose when I inform you that, within the last three days, my ward's marriage settlements have been completed with Mr. Frank Willmott. I must make immediate inquiries about this vexatious business ;" and so Mr. Carsellis left the proctor's chambers, as mystified as was his neighbour Mr. Prebbles.

On his return to the West-end of town, Mr. Carsellis met Vowhampton in St. James's Street ; and, knowing he often met Oldbeau, Elinor's guardian took his arm, and said "he had a particular question to ask."

"Come into my club, then," said Vowhampton ; "and first let me tell you I have decided, in my own affairs, to adopt the course you very kindly advised."

"So much the better, and I shall therefore feel the more justified in speaking to you on a family subject."

Mr. Carsellis then repeated the conversation that had taken place at Doctors' Commons.

"As I live," said Vowhampton, laughing outright, "this is a most ridiculous affair and I think I have the clue to it. It is one of Oldbeau's *coups de theatre*."

"Well, pray explain to me; I feel there must be some foolish mistake, but I am exceedingly vexed that Elinor's name should be thus coupled."

"I think and hope, she need never know of it," Vowhampton replied, "if you will only listen and adopt my plan."

Whereupon Harry Vowhampton communicated his plan which was ingenious enough, as the reader will presently judge. Mr. Carsellis at first objected to oppose what he considered a serious piece of business by a pleasant stratagem; but, as any formal explanation would probably make the affair public, he endorsed the proposal Vowhampton engaged to carry out; and the first step was to dispatch the following note.

"Army and Navy Club, Pall Mall,

"May 14th, 1840.

"SIR,—I am the nearest living male relative of Miss Elinor Homewood, and I therefore am authorized to demand satisfaction for the extraordinary insult you have committed in obtaining, as I am informed, a marriage licence in which her name is associated with yours. I have not asked my cousin if it is with her consent that you have taken the liberty, as I wish to spare her any knowledge of your conduct; but, as my family connexions have communicated to me the fact that Miss Elinor Homewood is very shortly to be married to an honourable man, Mr. Frank Willmott, I feel justified in assuming that you have taken a daring liberty with a lady's name, for which I must receive instant explanation and apology. I send this by my friend, Captain Homicide, and am willing to believe you can at once clear up this extraordinary matter.—I have the honour to be, sir, your most obedient servant,

"CHARLES HOMEWOOD,

Major, H.M. 33d Regiment."

"Arthur Oldbeau, Esq."

The above note arrived in Sackville Street, just as Mr. Oldbeau was carefully preparing himself for a visit to the Royal Academy where, by guess, he was likely to meet Elinor and her aunt, and the Exhibition Catalogue had been well studied in order that he might show his capacity as guide to the most attractive works.

He took the note carelessly off the waiter, and said to Tim, "Order my cab round at the door in fifteen minutes."

"A gentleman is waiting for an answer to the note, sir," replied Tim, in a somewhat solemn tone.

"Eh? what; then wait a moment," and Mr. Oldbeau glanced over the hostile missive with blank consternation.

He understood at once that this visit to the proctor's chambers had in some way become known. "Ink and paper, Tim, I must answer this letter at once."

Tim placed the writing materials before his master who wrote:

“*Sackville Street, Piccadilly.*”

“MAJOR,—I offer you an immediate apology for the great annoyance I have unintentionally caused ; and beg you will give me an opportunity of explaining to you, personally, the singular turn a jest has taken. I pledge my honour you will be satisfied, if you will take the trouble to meet me in a few hours’ time (eight o’clock) in front of St. James’ Palace. Half-an-hour in the park will explain what I am sincerely sorry should ever have occurred.—Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR OLDBEAU.”

“Major Homewood.”

Bearing this peaceful answer, Captain Homicide returned to his friend ; who, when the evening arrived, simply took for disguise a wig, moustache and imperial, put on a foraging cap and a military frock-coat, and repaired to the appointed place, accompanied by Captain Homicide, who attended ostensibly to recognize Tim.

Mr. Oldbeau was quite punctual and returned the military salute of Vowhampton disguised as Major Homewood, and the two principals were soon walking up and down, by the park railings in the Mall, in close conversation.

“I think, Major,” said the old gallant, “you allow all stratagems are fair in love and war.”

“In war, certainly,” said the son of Mars.

“Well, and in love too, if the lessons I learnt at Winchester may be trusted.”

“Perhaps so ; what lessons do you now refer to ?”

“Some lessons taught me by the gallant dragoons now quartered there. The Lieutenant-Colonel is a friend of mine ; and, during a visit I paid him, we had private theatrical performances on two or three occasions. And in one of the dramas there was a fellow who boasted of his successes with the ladies—he had refused half-a-dozen heiresses, etc. ; whereupon a wager is made that a certain lady (you know how these matters are arranged in plays !) was quite beyond the reach of his accomplishments. The hero accepted the wager and laid siege to the lady’s heart, but she never gave him an opportunity to come to the point. No matter what he said, she never understood his covert meaning ; so he hit upon what was called a *coup de theatre*, which was thoroughly successful. He obtained unknown to the lady a license, and producing it at the right moment, he got her to name the day and won his wager.”

“Ah, I know the comedy,” said Major Homewood, “it is funny enough, but I did not come here to be amused, sir ; what has your story to do with my cousin ?”

“I am sorry it has anything to do with her,” replied Oldbeau ; “but the fact is, I adopted the stage *ruse* in my affairs. I have no hesitation in vowing Major, that I shortly intended making your cousin, whom I have known for some years, an offer of marriage ; for I was quite ignorant of her having accepted attentions from any other quarter . . . And, in short, if she had given me a favourable reply, I should then have taken the licence out of my pocket, hoping she might fix a short time for the

wedding-day. If my confounded luck has been against me, I am not the first man who must look down the street a second time for a sight of his wife. I have only to add, on the word of a gentleman, that I would not have gone so far with a jest, had I thought a proctor could not keep a secret."

"Well, sir, I feel your explanation is as satisfactory as such a ridiculous affair allows; and, as I can save my cousin all annoyance by accepting your present apology, I do so; but you must please to hand me the licence, which I have sworn to deliver into the hands of Mr. Carsellis, my cousin's guardian. The proctor is his friend, and so, as a matter of course, congratulated him on his ward's approaching marriage."

"Now, I understand how fortune has been against me," said Mr. Oldbeau, as he handed Major Homewood an envelope with enclosure; "I would almost as soon have had Vowhampton know of this affair as Carsellis. How shall I show my face again?"

"Sir," said the Major, impressively, "this subject will ever strictly remain a family anecdote, and will be as carefully kept from the lady's ears as from the public. I have the pleasure to wish you good-night," and the military cousin haughtily bowed and walked away, joined by Captain Homicide.

"Strictly a family anecdote," thought Oldbeau, "I must do something desperate—that confounded Major will contrive to let the circumstances be known without the names of the parties, but I will marry at once within ten days, and then nobody will believe the story—my career is over as a bachelor."

With this dispiriting reflection, Mr. Oldbeau, too much disturbed to sit in a cab, strode home, followed by his faithful valet, who fancied the proposed duel had somehow been avoided. As soon as Oldbeau found himself comfortably before his own fire, and the faithful mirror above his mantelpiece, he called for some strong coffee and commenced a cheroot. Sally Flounce brought in excellent coffee which she had made "as in France," and Tim had thought Sally looked uncommonly handsome and well-dressed, as she carried up the fragrant refreshment. So also, it would appear, thought Mr. Oldbeau as he looked on the brisk parlour-maid. An idea suddenly struck him. "Sally," he said, "have you ever been in France?"

The question for a moment rather confused the would-be-English subject, but she answered truly, "Yes, sir."

"Capital; can you speak a little of the language?"

"Yes, sir," said Sally again.

"Shut the door, if you please," Oldbeau continued. "How old are you, Sally?"

"Twenty-two, last birthday," answered the French girl, who began to think her opportunities were coming.

"I am half-inclined to marry you, Sally," said the old bachelor, walking up to the maid.

Sally courtesied and looked demure, but saucily replied : " You should be quite inclined, sir, before you speak so to a poor girl."

" Well, Sally, I should be quite inclined if I thought you could act as well as you look. I want to marry a French lady."

Sally said, in very excellent French, she thought with clothes and money she could undertake the part. And so after a little more gossip, in which Mr. Oldbeau discovered that Sally Flounce was Sophie Flouncez ; and, as she was young, clever, and pretty, he, as other ancient gallants have done, asked his servant to marry him—and Sally, faithless to Tim, at once consented, and thereby hangs another " family anecdote."

CHAPTER XI.

THE VICAR OF HILLCURCH CHANGES THE SUBJECT OF CONVERSATION.

My narrative, running in a circle, brings me round to Hillchurch and its Vicar again. A year has elapsed since the reading of that first sermon, which young clergymen find nearly as flat in its delivery as it appeared animated in style, when they copied and localized it. And now the Rev. John Wandle began to feel quite at home with his parishioners of Hillchurch and Greencreek. They sat and listened to his orthodox sermons, with the meekness of people who go to church to hear and not to think ; and on his part, Heaven forbid, the Rev. John Wandle never set them a-thinking and doubting by frightening them out of their every-day senses. In short the parson and the people got on very well together : the Dissenters' chapel had been at Greecreek before he came, and so if its seats were well filled, whilst the pews of the Parish Church were often empty, such things had been, and probably would continue so to the end, at least, of his ministry. I hardly know if the Dissenters will thank me for the comparison, but it is undoubtedly true that they have one feature in common with play-actors. In either professions the weakly and incompetent ones have to give way to the bolder and more skillful members ; whereas the Established Church, in its tenderness over infirmities of human nature, opens its church-doors to all, competent and incompetent, who have the small amount of money and perseverance in study requisite for the bishop's ordination. Thus it happened that the Rev. John Wandle, whose ability would never have obtained for him admission into the theatrical profession, and wholly destitute of the skill and enthusiasm necessary to a Dissenting Minister, found himself equal to the position in which his mother's money and the bishop had placed him. People, in the Rev. John Wandle's eyes, were neither *wicked* nor *God-fearing* ; in the one case they were *naughty*, and in the other they were *good* people. Like his own passions, the inhabitants of his parishes, were not allowed to have any sharp angularities, but they rolled on their way like smooth stones ; notwith-

standing that, at Greenecreek, a portion of the population were addicted to smuggling, swore habitually, and could use sharp knives, if provoked by the preventive men in the coastguard service. Well, well, the Rev. John Wandle was comfortably in bed by ten o'clock; and as the running of a freight of brandy took place after that hour generally, how should a simple-hearted clergyman know ought of the wild work and passions of smugglers? They never molested *him*; and, indeed, with the exception of one man in his parish, the Vicar got on exceedingly well. The exception was a toper of the class now extinct. Twenty years ago there were a few such living in remote country districts, but they were the last of a thirsty race, and have left no successors. Men now are either sots or madmen in their drink, whenever they exceed the universal level of moderation which has now spread over convivial society. But Farmer, or, as he was called, Squire Jessop, a big-boned, tall old toper, sixty-five years of age, and with a stomach like a hog's-head, drank as once drank English yeomen and gentlemen: that is to say, he could always drink. The sitting through one day and one night, drinking hot spirits and water, was with him an ordinary occurrence, and if on some winter's night he lost his way home, *n'importe*, he would sleep under the accommodating hedge, with the hoar-frost for a blanket and in the morning be never the worse. He passed half his time at the village inn, and sometimes could be facetious indeed. "And so you have just set your speckled hen on a nest of eggs," he once said to the landlady: "go and tell old Dick Woolton that I am here." Old Dick made his appearance, when Jessop, again speaking to the landlady, said, "We'll sit the old hen out;" and it is a fact that the topers did stay, drinking and playing cards, until the chicken came in three weeks' time.

This old farmer was the goblin of the Vicar's life. Not that he haunted him, or ever went to church, but, as the father of mischief arranged matters, Farmer Jessop was the tithe-compounder: that is to say, in those days the occupiers of land did not, as at present, pay a certain annual sum to keep Church, State, and Parsons together, but yielded up instead one out of every ten shocks of corn—the tenth of whatever their land produced—and as vicars did not generally keep a team of horses, etc., one of the parishioners would agree to pay a fixed sum for the privilege of collecting and selling such tithes.

This position therefore begot a sort of hostile-friendship between the Rev. John Wandle, and Farmer Jessop, of which the manifestations were an outward cordiality and inwardly a chronic distrust of each other, the first shown whenever they met, the latter felt at all other times. If the Vicar could, by chance, avoid Jessop, he made a point of doing so, and has been known to get over a hedge to escape the old toper's salutation. Not all of us like to be called by our own titles! It is not polite to bawl out to a footman, "here, servant!" nor to tradesmen, "butcher," "grocer," etc. A "sweep" is about the only man who answers readily to the title of his calling, and although this feeling is reversed in the other professions, and "doctor," "captain," is permitted to supersede

"sir," yet few clergyman approve of being hallooed after, as Jessop did John Wandle, always calling him "PARSON."

If a meeting became inevitable, by Jessop entering one end of a lane and "the parson" the other, there was no use in attempting to pass with a simple "good morning." No, Jessop would dodge his pastor till he stood in front of him, and then gossip away about his market orgies and companions and tell such tales as, in the "fitness of things," should never meet a clergyman's ear—at least so long as the confidant remained jolly and impenitent.

"Fie! you're a naughty man," was the mild reproof, and old Jessop, tickled with the idea that he *was* a naughty fellow, would laugh and chuckle over the expression so, that the Vicar took his chance and would escape.

With all his other parishioners the clergyman was now on easy terms. Feminine overtures skilfully disguised had gently fanned his domestic wishes; and, at any time he felt inclined to let slip his affections, he might cry havoc! and reckon upon their capturing some gentle creature, the result of their chase in his pastoral domain.

But the excitement of such events could only be permitted by his mother's sanction; and this she prudently withheld for the present, and suspiciously watched all the movements at Mrs. Stretton's house especially. Patty, the short, frank daughter, certainly teased the Vicar. She was always telling him he should get married, and would give a descriptive list of his lady parishioners, including herself, that was very comical, particularly as she concluded by saying, if none of the rest would have him, he might rely upon her pity. All this forward banter was so open that even the Rev. John Wandle could not be mistaken that the merry girl meant nothing, and did not care for him; and, as he did not see the covert ridicule, the gossip of Patty Stretton did much to brighten up and polish what Patty privately called "a very stick of a man."

The other Miss Stretton, the tall and reserved Charlotte, did *not* talk to the Vicar, for the Vicar certainly manifested that degree of admiration for her, which, if Charlotte had been inclined, might have been fanned into a flame, and so have consumed old Mrs. Wandle's parchment plans. Luckily for the Vicar's peace, Miss Charlotte's nature was not one to be stirred by his very gentle breathings over the surface of her soul, the waters of which remained unruffled, and the only result of John's liking for Mrs. Stretton's daughter was the decided animosity created in his mother's heart against the white cottage and all its inmates.

"Why don't you ask Miss Homewood?" said Patty Stretton, to the young Vicar; "she looks unhappy enough to afford you hope; if I saw her as gay as she was at the school *fête* last year, I wouldn't advise you; but,

"The maiden sad
Is soon made glad."

"How often is a clergyman expected to call on a parishioner in the year?" asked the Vicar.

"That depends on the district ; but if they are not ill, I should say once a quarter," answered Patty.

"Then, I will only call four times at this house, if Miss Patty keeps teasing me so."

The Rev. John Wandle then rose to depart ; Patty opened the door to him, and shaking hands said,

"The maiden sad
Is soon made glad."

This old proverb kept sounding in John's ears as he stepped home, and when his mother learned he had been again to the white house, she took him to task, and advocated so strongly her favourite theory that Miss Homewood never would refuse a clergyman's offer, that the Rev. John Wandle thought he would at once discover if Annie would allow him to make her glad.

Poor old Mrs. Wandle, I confess I did not like her ; but I must acknowledge that, after she had invested her money in her son's college education, she might be allowed to suppose a clergyman in the social scale had no superior. Nor has he, viewing the question on one side ; his coat admits him an equal into any house of the land ; at the same time his fortune, of perhaps £200 to £1000 a year, like a foot-drag to a thoroughbred horse, keeps him in his vicarage paddock, and people with £5000 and upwards a year contract social habits and expenses, which as a rule preserves them as a class quite as definitely as any other of the demarcations which break up society.

Encouraged by the reflection that at least in the society of Hilchurch the Vicar held a front position, the Rev. John Wandle decided to tempt Fortune and visit the young lady at the manor-house that afternoon, before her dinner hour, five o'clock. At the vicarage the family dined at two, to suit old Mrs. Wandle. John would walk over and call upon Miss Homewood by half-past three. Half-an-hour should be devoted to conversation on parochial matters and their neighbours, and between the hours of four and five, he would manage to put a question sufficiently direct to Annie for him, by her answer, to learn, what his chances were—he could advance or retreat according to the ground.

Miss Homewood was at home, and the servant conducted the Vicar to a small, quiet parlour from which glass doors opened upon a broad gravelled path, bordered by flower beds which stretched under an afternoon sunny wall. John Wandle took a seat near the window and had the enjoyment of watching Annie walk up the long garden to receive him as hostess. He thought he had never seen a more beautiful girl, as she approached with a step that would have been stately in any one else, but which in her was the natural ease of a well educated and perfectly proportioned figure—all the more noticeable as she had on neither bonnet nor shawl.

It is only fair to notice here the place into which the young Vicar had settled down in Annie Homewood's esteem. It was as the foil, as the reverse of the medal, as the extreme opposite in character of

Harry Vowhampton. It was almost impossible to be angry with John Wandle ; his virtues were so regular, his goodness so even : but then it was also quite impossible either to love or highly esteem him ; for his virtues and his goodness were destitute of all magnetic power to lift up any feeling or emotion, beyond the surface on which they had just strength enough to crawl and say they barely lived. As to giving them feet to run, or wings to soar, he could no more do so than a piece of glass could lay hold of and lift up a charged bar of iron. As a matter of course, and of necessity, the Rev. John Wandle had very frequently seen Annie, and his presence was almost the same as if her lover had visited and spoken with her. She saw and heard double ; the Vicar's looks and words, told her what Vowhampton's words and looks would be on "the other side."

"The time for our school *fête* has nearly come round again," said John, after his first half-hour's gossip had been exhausted ; "I trust we may have as fine weather as we had last year ; are we to have as fine a party from London, Miss Annie ?"

"I think not ; my cousin and friends are not so wild now," answered the young lady patron ; "but the children, of course, must have their treat the same, not forgetting the fireworks."

"I wish to have the pic-nic also ; but," said John, remembering how he was before left in the lurch, "this year at my house, in the vicarage paddock."

"A pic-nic in the vicarage paddock ?" exclaimed Annie, laughing in spite of herself.

"And why not ? Will you come ?"

"I think I cannot ; for my present plans will take me to London about the time."

"I am sure I will put off the *fête* for another month."

Annie would not suffer such a thing.

"Well," said the Vicar, "we shall very much miss you ; all things do change."

"Except you," archly hinted the lady, and thought to herself, "I wish he would."

"I am afraid you find Hillechurch very dull," said John.

"Yes, I do."

"I thought so : I am very dull myself, sometimes."

"Of course, all clergymen are—in their sermons."

"I forgive you anything, except running away from us."

"I shall come back again in July."

"I mean running away altogether ; you have such a circle of friends in town, and there are plenty of bachelors."

"So are there in the country," replied the lady, amused that Mr. Wandle was rather excelling himself.

"I wish you could think so," said John.

"But I tell you, I do think so."

"And the vicarage is a very pleasant old house, standing on high

ground. Do you know, I fancy the trees round the manor-house, and its low situation, make it dull ; you want change."

"I must ask your mother to let me come and stay with her for a fortnight." And as Annie said this, she thought how miserably she was trifling with her own feelings.

As for John, he girded up his resolution, like a hunter dips his horse just before he rises to a fence, but then cautiously, cautiously, before saying: "Let me ask you, my dear Miss Homewood, to come and stay there always. Some of your London bachelors would quite envy me ; they would fancy Miss Annie and her fortune were in danger of escaping their hands."

Annie, spite of herself, crimsoned over the neck and face ; she was thinking of Vowhampton and her want of fortune. John took the red flag of her blushes as a sign of success, and was about to proceed, when the lady answered: "They and you, Mr. Wandle, would be mistaken. I make no pretence for what I have not. I have no fortune."

The Vicar opened his eyes, but taking heart in thinking that though Miss Homewood might not have a dowry equal to a London gallant's expectations, she might have, at least, two or three handsome thousands, such as would satisfy his mother.

"One hardly knows what to call a fortune now-a-days ; in town life, £50,000 some speak of as a trifle."

"But I have not £500," said Annie ; "so none of them will buy me, I suppose."

"I hope no one will buy you," said the Vicar to his parishioner, in his natural voice ; "there are duties for us all, and Hillechurch could not spare their school patron."

"Which means, I am to do my duty in single blessedness?"

Here then was a second fine opportunity for the hunter to take his flying leap ; but no ! this time he pulled up his resolution short, turned his horse's head, and trotted back to the vicarage, quietly observing as he took his leave: "You shall be the Lady Abbess of our little nuns in the parish school."

"At least they shall have their fireworks," answered Annie ; "like you, it will make them look upwards."

"A naughty lady, a naughty lady," was echoed back, and the Rev. John Wandle hastened home to take counsel with his mother over the revelation that his principal parishioner, as she was called, had not £500.

The next half-hour was a very bitter one for Annie ; she thought if such a man as John Wandle, a clergyman with only £200 a year, would not have her without her bringing him a fortune, there were a thousand excuses to be made for Vowhampton ; and the last thought of all was—marry, no !—she would never marry ! He was so far a prophet ; she would remain in the single blessedness to which he had condemned the portionless beauty.

It was a very indifferent dinner that Annie ate in solitude that day ;

waited upon by an old maid-servant who had nursed her as a baby. Her solitary position seemed unbearably isolated, and even the kind note and promised visit of Elinor could not raise her spirits; her mind was fast settling into despondency, so that, out of a sheer effort to rouse herself, she once more began pacing up and down the garden walk. She was interrupted by the maid tripping to speak to her, in that brisk manner which gives wings to the feet when something out of the ordinary way has occurred.

"A gentleman has called to see you, Miss Annie," said Martha, "I don't know him at all."

"But what is his name? is he a neighbour?"

"Here is his card, Miss." Annie glanced at the pasteboard half in terror as she saw it was Vowhampton's.

"Martha," she called out, almost appealing to the old servant, "is there no mistake? where is he now?"

"The gentleman wears a quizzing-glass, Miss, is in the dinning-room, and his horse is tied up at the gate."

"Let me take your arm, Martha, to walk in. I am much surprised; I as soon expected one from the dead."

Helping her mistress into the quiet little garden parlour, Martha soon got her some strong coffee, and then went to usher in Mr. Vowhampton.

There is one great advantage which all elevation of feeling gives when it is felt and known; there can be no trifling with it. Great trials, sorrows, joys, and disappointments, overshadow little emotions, as the roar of ocean subdues the tinkling of the rivulet; and Annie, although quite at a loss to think why this visit was made, felt sure it was not one of idle compliment. She knew another crisis in her life had come, but she fancied it was but another crisis of suffering. Yes, she understood why he came. His difficulties had increased, he was about to exile himself, and remembering her in his trouble, he had come to take a life-long farewell.

As Vowhampton entered the room she could see his agitation equalled her own, but she was mistress enough of her feelings to rise, offer her hand, and say: "This is an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Vowhampton! Are you staying in Kent?" and this speech lasted long enough for the servant to withdraw and shut the door.

"Annie, are you really glad to see me? are you quite alone?"

He did not answer her welcome with a compliment, for he could see the roses were not where they should be, and the hand that he had shook when he entered the room, was not the plump little nestling hand that had once before been given him. "Thank Heaven! I have come," he mentally said.

"Yes! as usual, I am quite alone," she answered; for the words came naturally to her lips, as she had just before felt that loneliness of spirit, which is one of the sharpest feelings the young can ever have to bear.

Then she sat down in an old fashioned *prie-dieu* oak chair, expecting her visitor to take a seat unasked.

He did not do so, but again taking up her hand, he flung himself down in front of her, on his knees, and said : "Not alone, Annie, if you can forgive me?" And for the next few moments his face was hidden on her lap, and the unseen tears that came to his eyes were betrayed by a convulsive shaking of the hand clasping Annie's.

I have not gone out of my way to make a sentimental scene ; I am but recording the natural and sudden giving way of a strong man's control over himself, before uncontrollable and unexpected emotion, such as the bravest—as all, except the heartless—may acknowledge and feel.

Vowhampton had come to say every delicate and tender word that should come to the lips of a generous lover, in his situation, but all his words were forgotten as he looked in Annie's face, and felt that he had been the cause of the change and falling away of a beautiful girl's form.

Somehow, men, whilst thinking a sensitive woman may be and is sad over their neglect, seldom dwell upon the physical change that such sadness makes in a young girl, disappointed in her affections !

"Forgive me, Annie, if you can," were the only words said ; and there were no words in answer to them ; but when the lover looked up and saw the choking white throat, the tear-lashed cheeks, and the struggling bosom of a woman whose heart is, at once, forgiving and blessing the man she loves and for whom she has suffered,—in those wild moments when passion can command no other witnesses, Vowhampton rose up and clasped the half fainting girl to his heart and laid her on a sofa near the glass garden doors, which he opened. Then kneeling again beside her, as she lay with closed eyes and her head thrown back over the cushions, he went over his short story. He told her why he had come—to ask her forgiveness, and if she could still love him? if she were brave enough to share with him his position, whatever he could make it with the help of kind friends who had come forward and were willing to serve him? If she consented, he would devote his life to her life, his heart to making the happiness of hers.

And Annie listened, and still listened for more, as the meaning of her lover's words became clear and clearer to her understanding ; and if she did not speak, the one white thin hand that was free found the forehead turned up to her, and smoothed the lover's hair, as if to prove by yet another sense, the sense of touch, that her joy and dream were things of real and present life, as if she did 'not quite trust to her eyes' half-blinded sight, or to the sounds that came through her ears, clogged with the utterances of passion.

But if she did not speak, her forgiveness was none the less understood, and Vowhampton, feeling his own happiness, looked up with such happy triumph on his features, that then Annie found it easy to speak and say, for the sake of saying : "And you are happy to love me?"

"Loving you, darling, is happiness. I have found it, and I will keep it mine for life."

"If I can make it," said Annie, as she leant forward and kissed the broad forehead of her lover, feeling that most exquisite and unalloyed earthly sensation which comes to a woman's heart, when it feels the possession and power of being able to make whom it loves happy.

And here, as I am not a rope-maker to spin and twist out my narrative, the scene comes to an end. The reader, if he likes, may count the horse shoe-nails which make up a hero's sword. I prefer looking upon the brand flashing in the front of battle, and if I have climbed to the summit of feeling, I am not going to register the insignificant details of the descent.

Who that looks from the mountain top over the enchanting landscape which happiness opens below : upon the white houses on the hill-sides, in the valleys where streams are murmuring or sheltered beneath whispering woods, would care to enter the happy looking houses at the front door, and take an inventory of the details of home happiness ? of the tables, chairs, and cooking utensils ?

Nor will I, in this chapter, return to the prosaic parts of speech which made up the after dialogue of Annie and Vowhampton, when he had risen from his knees the forgiven and accepted lover of the lady of the manor-house ; and when seated by her side, with the pleasant garden spread before him, he drank some of the fresh coffee that came in, and talked much as you and I did when we were making those pleasant little arrangements which include getting a license, seeing or writing to the clergyman, and jotting down a list of friends to be invited to a wedding—to our wedding !

Listen to the chiming bells in the village church ! see the busy children gathering the flowers that are to be thrown down before me, the happiest man, and her, the loveliest woman in a happy world. Here comes the yellow carriage, and see the post-boys have got white rosettes in their jackets. Drive on, lads, back to the old pleasant house, where the breakfast laid out in the dining-room is the prettiest sight (where eatables form the details) which man has yet invented : pretty enough, in good faith, for Love and Romance to grace without feeling they have left their palaces in the upper air ; pretty enough now, but that will be yet more enchanting when bride's and bridesmaids' blossoming heads are round, when the bright wine is sparkling in the long crystal glasses, and a few other crystals, the tears that will come, "uninvited wedding guests," but which are brighter than the champagne bubbles, and warmer than the words of congratulating friends—but I forget ; the wedding has yet to come off.

(To be continued.)

AN ENGLISH ADMIRAL OF THE OLDEN TIME.

IN the vicarage-house of Knowston, in the county of Devon, about the year of our Lord 1644, lived a loyal and learned divine, the Rev. Daniel Berry, B.A. Mr. Berry came of an ancient family, dating its pedigree three generations, at least, before the siege of Calais by King Edward the Third. Long before that historical event took place, the Birys (afterwards corrupted into Berrys), had led peaceful if inglorious lives at Berry, Nerber, near Ilfracombe. Of this ancient race, one Adam Biry stands out somewhat conspicuously in the reign of King Edward aforesaid; and then the family lapses into its former obscurity, until Daniel Berry, B.A., Vicar of Knowston and Molland, with Elizabeth, his wife, falls into trouble and becomes the subject of a short biography.

It was the time of "the Grand Rebellion," as old authors phrase it; King Charles the First had just been defeated at Marston Moor; and our loyal Vicar, being found guilty of endeavouring to support the cause of his lawful Sovereign, was turned out of his benefice, which was also his freehold, by the "tender conscioned" reformers of those times. They stripped him of all he had, "even to the bedde he laie upon;" and his goods and moveables were sold by auction. Excepting his books, "of which," wonderingly says the old record, "there were noe less than nine horse-loads!" These were presented to that "famous independent preacher, Mr. Lewis Steakly, who sometime lorded it atte Exeter, with more than prelatical rigour;" and, as the biographer bitterly remarks, although the good Vicar and his family were reduced to great extremities, the preacher "never afterwards hadde the honesty to restore the value of one farthing for them." Mr. Berry died of grief, and left behind him, a widow and nine young children.

Thus cast on the mercies of the world, the elder sons betook themselves to sea. John, the second son and the subject of our brief sketch, now about fourteen years of age, went to Plymouth, where he bound himself apprentice to a Mr. Robert Mering, "a merchant of thatte town," and sailed forthwith in one of his master's vessels. But the youth was not very fortunate in the commencement of his sea-faring life. He was twice captured by the Spaniards; and suffered long imprisonment in Spain. His master also "hadde his losses come thicke and faste upon hym, one onne the neck of another, like Job's fatal messengers," inso-much that he sank into poverty; and having no further occasion for the services of his apprentice, cancelled his indentures.

Hereupon John Berry, now grown manly and athletic, and having

acquired, through dangers and suffering, a bravery and presence of mind that stood him in good stead afterwards on many occasions, repaired to London. He found the great city full of tumultuous rejoicings, on account of the recent restoration of His Majesty King Charles the Second. But the young sailor was now twenty-five years of age, and had the world to begin over again, so he paid small heed to the gay doings around him, but hastened to look out for another berth. By great good-fortune, and the kind offices of some friends, he was entered as boatswain on the books of the King's "Ketch," the Swallow, under Captain Insam, commander. The Swallow was despatched to the West Indies; and, having concluded its business there, weighed anchor and set out on its return with two others of the "King's shippes." Meeting with a violent storm in the gulf of Florida, the other ships were "caste awaie omne the Bohemian (Bahama) sands," and their crews were lost. But, says the pious biographer, "God soe ordered the preservation of the Swallow," that by taking various decided measures, such as cutting down their masts, and throwing overboard their guns, and most of their provisions, "she," the Swallow, "got cleer off those sands." However, our friend John Berry's troubles were not over yet. For not less than sixteen weeks the luckless Swallow drove up and down in the Bay of Mexico. Provisions both of meat and liquor failed; and the hearts of the brave captain and crew began to sink. "But Almighty God, who shows hys wonders inne the deepe supplied the defect of provisions, by sending such abundance of fishe, by their vessel side, that they killed enow for every daie, and saved nonne for to-morrow." Their thirst was quenched with abundance of rain-water; and so, the shoal of fish still attending them, they at last got safe into Campechy; where the Spaniards, in whose hands it then was, supplied them with provisions.

Thus succoured and comforted, Captain Insam and his crew set sail in their still partially dismantled vessel for Jamaica. "On those coastes," says the biographer, "the winde constantly bloweth one waie, from N.E. to S.E., and is commonlie called a trade-winde. But at thatte time, God soe changed the course thereof, that inne three weekes time they came to Jamaica." Now just at this crisis, "one Mr. Peach," of Southampton, also on his way to Jamaica, had been seized by a "pyrate;" and with unusual clemency, put ashore "on a certain desolate island," he and his company. However, on the next day, "suche was the mercy and providence of God to those distressed people," that a sloop from Barbadoes "did land on the same island to wood and water," brought off "Mr. Peach and hys companie," and landed them at Jamaica. The Governor of the Island thereupon caused the Swallow Ketch to be refitted, and being furnished with eight guns, she was sent in search of the "pyrate." Mr. Peach joined the expedition, and John Berry was promoted to be lieutenant.

In three weeks' time, they found the "pyrate" riding in a bay, near Hispaniala. Her crew numbered double that of the Swallow, but she

had one gun less. Captain Insam's courage began to fail him. He harangued his company, telling them "That the *blades* they were about to attaque, were menne at armes, and had beene bred Buccaneeres;" and, in short, that it would be more prudent for the Swallow to avoid the combat. This chicken-heartedness thoroughly disgusted John Berry. Risking a trial by court-martial, he boldly declared, "Thatte they themselves were menne at armes, came thither to serve their king and countrie, and thatte if the captain's courage failed hym, hee might goe off the decke." The crew upheld their first lieutenant, and it was resolved to board the pirate. They did so, and obtained a triumphant victory. On their return to Jamaica, Captain Insam brought Mr. Berry to trial for insubordination to his superior officer; but the only result of the affair was that the captain was compelled to eat "humble pie." He had to take his mutinous lieutenant on board for the remainder of the voyage, and was recommended "toe live peaceably with hym."

We next find John Berry in the improved position of captain of the frigate "*Marie*," with fourteen guns. He was employed in King Charles's unjust and unnecessary war with Holland; one unpleasant episode of which consisted in the Dutch fleet sailing up the Thames, and with total impunity burning three men-of-war in the midst of the river! We should rather open our eyes at the occurrence of such an event now-a-days.

John Berry took his full share of the national revenge for this outrage. In his brisk little frigate, "hee soe well plyed hys businesse," that in four month's time he captured thirty-two prizes. Shortly afterwards he was promoted to be captain of a fifty-gun ship, in which he sailed for the West Indies, where the French were just then engaged in a little mischief. They had already taken Antiqua, St. Christopher's, and Montserrat, and were proceeding to attack Nevis, when the arrival of the brave Berry, in command of a small squadron of nine men-of-war, which he had pick'd up at Barbadoes, disconcerted their plans. They numbered twenty-two men-of-war, three or four of which were Dutch, and ten transports. Nothing daunted, however, our English captain "goes onne, and fought atte once bothe the French and Dutch," although at such fearful odds—increased by the misfortune of one of his vessels having blown up just before the engagement took place. The French were compelled to run for it, and took refuge beneath their own guns at St. Christopher's. Captain Berry pursued them thither, "and sending inne a fire-shippe, burnt the French admiral" beneath the very castle-walls. They slipped away in the night to Martinico, where the fleet was shortly afterwards finally destroyed by another English commander, and Captain Berry returned to England.

Peace was soon after concluded with Holland; and our friend found scope for his valour against the Turks. While he was thus engaged abroad, "fighting the turbaned Infidels," the Great Plague was committing its devastations in our metropolis, closely followed by the Fire of London.

Then came a second war with the Dutch ; but on this occasion, by one of those curious transmutations which constantly occur in the politics of nations, the French were our allies. Captain Berry was recalled to his home duties, and placed in command of "a verie stoute shippe" of seventy guns, called the "Resolution." This was in 1672 ; on the 28th of May in that year there was a "bloudy" engagement between the Dutch fleet and the allied French and English. The Duke of York, the King's brother, being at that time Lord High Admiral of England, was present at this action. Perceiving His Royal Highness hotly beset, Captain Berry left his station, and came to his relief. In less than two hours' time, the crew of the Resolution was reduced by more than a hundred killed, and as many badly wounded ; and the ship becoming leaky, Captain Berry was forced to quit the line of battle. But having set things to rights a little, he was not long in returning to his place ; where he distinguished himself so gloriously that his Majesty King Charles the Second, coming after the action on board the "Royal Sovereign," at "*the bay of the Ore*" (whatever that might mean !) to congratulate his princely brother on the successful termination of the affair, sent for Captain Berry, and then and there conferred on him the honour of knighthood, "as a perpetual *badg* of the royal favour and hys own greate merit."

Great fears were at that time entertained for the safety of the Protestant religion. The King was known to be attached to the Romish church ; the Duke of York, heir to the crown, openly professed that faith. Discontents arose in the kingdom ; and were greatly heightened by the pretended discoveries of Dr. Titus Oates. Two new parliaments were called in quick succession,—and as speedily dissolved, for passing bills obnoxious to the King. A dreadful storm was gathering in the political horizon ; and its chief fury being directed against the Duke of York, it was thought advisable that he should be politely banished to the "wyldes" of Scotland, under the title of Lord High Commissioner of that kingdom. He accordingly proceeded thither by sea, "in the Gloucester frigate," commanded by his favourite Sir John Berry. But the vessel, steered by an ignorant pilot, was fated never to reach its destination. Sir John Berry perceived the danger they were in, and remonstrated with the Duke. But "hee did seee muche depend upon the pilot's judgment, that noe perswasions could move hym to alter the course, or lye still untill the morning. See thatte they soone felle intoe thatte extream danger," which proved fatal to the vessel, and to three hundred of her passengers and crew. When the awful moment came that they had nothing left them to trust to, "but God and their longe boat," and every one was pressing into it to save his life, so that the boat was in danger of sinking,—at this supreme moment Sir John Berry, faithful to his trust, "stoode wythe hys drawn sworde, and threatened deth to anie thatte should steppe in," until "Hys Royal Hyhnesse" was safe on shore. By this means the Duke and a few others escaped with

their lives ; "but divers eminent gentlemente, as welle as others, were caste awaie."

Somewhere about the time of the Rye-house plot, in 1683, Sir John Berry again becomes prominent as vice-admiral under "the Lord Dartmouth;" who was sent out with a considerable fleet to the African coast, for the purpose of demolishing Tangier, then a troublesome possession of the British crown. The Earl superintended the blowing-up of the forts and works ashore, while his vice-admiral took charge of the fleet. Upon this occasion Sir John Berry displayed so much wisdom and sagacity in all his arrangements, "behaving hymself with muche conduct," that on his return he was appointed to the honourable post of Commissioner for the Navy, which he retained to his "dyeing daie."

Our knight lived through another troublous reign, that of King James the Second. In *his* time; he was appointed Rear-admiral of the whole Royal Navy. Nor did his fortunes suffer damage on the abdication of James, and the landing and accession of the Prince of Orange. He had the sole naval command for some time, after "my Lord Dartmouth" had laid down his commission, and until "the fleete was called inne." So high did the brave Englishman stand in the estimation of the new sovereign, that His Majesty frequently consulted with him about naval affairs, and once they were "closeted for above a whole nighte together."

But this progressive and prosperous life came to a premature and mournful conclusion. The admiral being down at Portsmouth, paying off some ships, "was taken sick on shippe boarde," and carried ashore. Three or four days thereafter he died, "as was atte firste supposed, of a fever." But when the physicians had opened his body, they said, "'Sir John had noe faire plaie for hys life,' soe that 'twas thought he was made awaie." By whom, or for what reason, was never ascertained, "nor," mysteriously remarks his biographer, "maie it bee proper to surmise."

Thus died, in the fifty-seventh year of his age, the youthful admiral, "Governour of Deal Castle in Kent, and captain of a foote companie." He lies interred in "Stepny" church, beneath a white marble monument, above which may be seen the effigies of the good and loyal knight, attired in a "campagyne wigge and cravatte" of pure alabaster. "Hee was one," sums up his quaint and faithful chronicler, "who dydde not runne a-madding after every *Ignis Fatuus* of a newe lighte that was hung outte," but in the orthodox way of our Established Church, "he chose to worshippinge the God of hys fathers."

NO MORE!—NO MORE!

BY MISS SHERIDAN CAREY.

I.

WHEN to One lov'd, bound far away,
 We've bade the last adieu,
 Watch'd the white sail fade on the sky;
 The train speed out of view;
 O shall we ever meet again?
 The thought thrills o'er and o'er;
 Then words of saddest sound to hear
 NO MORE!—NO MORE!

II.

When, after days, or months, or years,
 Of transitory pain,
 We reach our journey's end, and greet
 Those outstretch'd arms again;
 If then we ask—Again to part?
 To act the old scene o'er?
 O words of ecstasy to hear
 NO MORE!—NO MORE!

III.

By ship, or train, or dying bed,
 Love weaves the one refrain,
 As chill'd, we find ourselves alone,
 O shall we meet again?
 The waves roll on; the winds fleet by;
 The solemn dirge is o'er:
 Pray God, sweet Friends, we meet to part
 NO MORE!—NO MORE!

April 25, 1864.

MISSES AND MATRIMONY.

EDITED BY W. W. KNOLLYS.

(Continued from Vol. IV., p. 628.)

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PLEASURES OF PITY—A LETTER TO BOWLES—A PERPLEXING TELEGRAM—
A BOOTLESS ERRAND, AND AN AWKWARD SITUATION—UP COUNTRY AT
LAST.

DUM-DUM, Feb. 10th, 185—.

I DON'T think there is anything half so insulting as pity, particularly from one woman for another. It is about as sincere as the condolences of the owner of racers, for the man whose horse has fallen lame just before the Derby. In both cases they chuckle out their sorrow in a way that is *so* aggravating. After M'Clusky's scandalous behaviour to me, I did all I could to persuade people that it was *I* who had broken off the match, and not him ; I am afraid, though, that the ladies were not taken in. They nearly drove me mad with their compassion. That half-caste, Mrs. Bingley, was worse than any of them ; and what made it still more provoking was that her eldest daughter has just succeeded in hooking a Captain Tolmash, of the Engineers. The very next day after the row with that wretch, M'Clusky, Mrs. Bingley called. Directly she came into the room, she began with :

"Oh, my dear, I am so sorry ; I've heard all about it, and I think he has treated you atrociously."

Now it's consoling to *consider* one's self ill-used, but in love affairs it's exceedingly disagreeable to be told so. I was very angry, and replied, tossing my head and with rather a sneer :

"I'm sure it's very kind of you, Mrs. Bingley, to almost a stranger like me too ; but I'm afraid your pity's rather thrown away. It is I who have broken off the match, and not Mr. M'Clusky."

"That's right, dear, I like to see a girl pluck up a spirit in things like this. Never mind, there's as good fish in the sea as ever came out of it."

"But Mrs. Bingley, you are quite wrong. I don't *require* to pluck up any spirit. I might have married Mr. M'Clusky to-morrow if I had chosen—(that was true enough, for I could if I hadn't been so silly as to flirt with Lord Adair)—and I don't the *least* regret that I'm not going to."

"Well, well, my dear, I'm sure I don't know how it is, people *do* say

he has behaved scandalously ; and, if he has, I think it's very noble of you trying to screen him. Everybody is talking of it, and they say, at the coffee-shop, that he deserves to be cut for throwing you over so. But never mind, as I was saying to Maria this morning, when she told me that Captain Tolmash had proposed to her ; don't be in a hurry dear, there's plenty of time before you, and anything's better than marrying without love. I say the same to you ; all in good time, my love ; depend upon it, the right man will come at last."

I was so *mad* with her for talking in this patronizing way, comparing me to her daughter too. I am sure she hasn't got plenty of time before her, and I can't think what Captain Tolmash can find to admire in her ; she's six-and-twenty, if she's a day, and has got a regular scar from a boil in her chin ; she calls it a dimple. I was in such a rage, I could have positively screamed, but I pretended not to care a bit, and began congratulating them about her marriage. That set them both off, talking about Miss Bingley's prospects and plans, till I thought they would never have done chattering. Fancy, what bad taste, telling me about the *trousseau*, and then Mrs. Bingley's spite in asking me to be bridesmaid. I paid her out though ; I said I made it a rule never to be bridesmaid, except to very old friends ; and, besides, I was afraid our complexions wouldn't do, as mine, being very fair, wouldn't suit the same colours as her daughter's. *She* calls herself a brunette, and talks about having Spanish blood in her veins, but *I* call her niggery, and very much suspect her grandmother was an ayah.

When they went away I sat down to think about what was to be done. McClusky was off ; and as to Lord Adair, it was very plain he'd never propose. It would not do to leave Dum-dum without being married, it's such a slur on a girl ; and, besides, you never get such good chances as when you're quite fresh from England. If you don't marry in the first two or three months you are sure to be well known all over the country ; and if your name is mentioned, somebody says : " Oh yes, I know ; that's the girl So-and-so was spoony on : " or " Miss Aylmer ! isn't it she who behaved so badly to poor Jack Thingumy ? " Now, men don't like to marry girls who are talked of in that way, at least the best of them don't. Besides I know that at those horrid messes every girl has a nickname of some sort. There's Miss Thompson is called " kiss me quick," because she has full red lips ; Miss Elson, " the snipe," because she has a thin face and long nose ; Miss Wood, " the galliot," because she has such a squab figure ; and Miss Brazier, " the tadpole," because she's got a small body and big head. What prying inquisitive creatures men are, to be sure. My ayah tells me that they find out, through their bearers, all about every lady in the station, and know, as well as possible, how often they change their linen, and whether they have a bath every day or not. Well, I made up my mind that no time was to be lost. Then who was it to be. I thought and thought for ever so long ; at last I settled I would try Bowles. When we were on board

ship, he used to be always humming two or three lines of some song. I couldn't recollect what it was called, but I thought it would be a capital pretext for a letter, to write and ask him what was its name. Oh, I wrote such a charmingly humbugging letter. After speaking about the song, I said he might perhaps have heard some reports about my being going to be married. I told him that there was no truth in it at all, and begged him to contradict any such rumours. I went on with :

"I hope you know me too well to think that I should so soon forget old friends, or past happy days ; now fled, perhaps never to return. I should be, indeed, *most unhappy* if one whose good opinion I value, as I do your's, were to think so badly of me, as to imagine that I could be caught by worldly advantages or glitter. No, Major Bowles, I *may* be thoughtless and giddy—alas, I am afraid I am, but then I am very young, you know—but I *can* appreciate real worth and nobleness of character. Poor aunt, she is very fond of me and is extremely anxious that I should make, what she calls, a good marriage, that is to say, marry some one with plenty of money ; but, as I get older, I see the hollowness of all that sort of thing, and, in spite of any opposition, will never give my hand where I cannot bestow my heart. All I want in a husband is a good man who will be kind to me, and love me more than any one else in the world."

Wasn't that a capital letter ? so much in it if the man was disposed to come forward, and yet nothing he could take hold of if he didn't. He was stationed at Raneegunge, so I expected an answer in two days. It did not come, however, as soon as I calculated. *I was so* cross when, about an hour after the dāk had arrived, I got this telegram :

"Major Bowles, Raneegunge, to Miss Emily Aylmer.

"Dum-dum, *February 5th*, 11 A.M.—"Since you consent to be my wife, I will come down by early train on 7th. Be at station to meet me. I can't get leave to come before. Will write more at length by to-night's post."*

I was quite puzzled at this. Bowles evidently fancied I had agreed to marry him, and considered himself engaged. But yet it was very odd. I certainly hadn't proposed to him, though I had given *him* a good opening for doing so. Why should he answer by telegraph too. Perhaps, I thought, the poor fellow is very much in love with me. He is not a bad sort of man, after all, and one might do worse ; still I couldn't make it out. I showed the telegram to aunt, and she was as much puzzled as I was. We had a long talk about it, and settled at last that, as there was no time to write, for to-day was the 6th, we had better meet him as he said. We ought to have got a letter from him, but we supposed he had been late for the post. The whole thing was very perplexing though, and I could hardly get a wink of sleep all night for thinking about it.

* Another instance of a proposal by telegraph, in India, a few years ago, came to the Editor's knowledge when he was in that country.

The next morning we drove into Calcutta, and crossed over to Howrah in the steamer. On board, we met a Mrs. and Miss Emily Damer, some people who live at Dum-dum, but whom we don't know very well. Mrs. Damer asked aunt what took her over to Howrah. Aunt said that we were going to meet a friend from Raneegunge.

She replied: "How very funny. We are on the same errand. He, he, he! How very droll to be sure."

By way of something to say, I asked Mrs. Damer if she knew many people at Raneegunge.

"Oh, yes, several."

"Do you know Major Bowles of the Artillery?"

"Oh, dear me; oh, yes, very well, indeed. Don't we, Emmy? He, he, he!"

Emmy blushed and said "He, he, he!" too, which puzzled me a good deal, because there was nothing so very funny or amusing in our both knowing the same person, and then they both looked so knowingly at each other too. At last I made up my mind that, some how or another, they had heard from the telegraph people about Bowles' telegraphic message.

When we got to the station we found the train wasn't due for another quarter of an hour, so we had to wait. How long it seemed! I thought the time would never pass. I was in a perfect fever about how Bowles would behave, and what he would say when he saw me. Suppose it should be a mistake after all. What a horrible idea. It made me feel quite cold and creepy all down my back. Then I took out the telegram and read it over and over again. No; there it was as plain as possible: "Since you consent to be my wife." There *could* be no mistake; Bowles *couldn't* get out of it after saying that. For all this though I had great misgivings; I called myself a stupid, and all sorts of things, but it was no use, I was in such a state, that if the train had been a minute longer I'm positive I should have died. At last we heard the whistle, and my heart gave such a jump, that I declare I thought I heard my laces crack. As soon as the train stopped, Bowles got out, and aunt and I rushed up to him. I held out my hand, and squeezed his warmly saying: "I'm so glad you have come, dear James. Now, we'll all be happy again. No more misunderstandings, no more little tiffs."

He stammered, got as red as fire, looked very foolish, and said: "I am afraid there's some mistake. I'm very sorry, but it's not my fault, I'm sure."

All this time he was staring nervously about, as if he was looking for somebody. Oh, I can't say how I felt. I didn't know what to say or do, so I held my tongue and let aunt speak. I could see she was in an awful temper. She attacked him with:

"What does all this conduct mean, Major Bowles? Didn't you send a telegram to my niece, asking her to marry you?"

"Me! telegraph to your niece; I'll take my oath I didn't. There's

some mistake, I assure you ; but, I beg your pardon, I see some friends I want to speak to. 'I'll write to you afterwards.'

Saying this, he hurried off before aunt could recover her surprise. Of course we made haste home, as fast as we could, and as we passed Bowles, we saw him talking to those Damers, and overheard him saying to Emmy :

"Didn't you receive my telegraph message ? Well, you got my letter at all events, and when is the wedding-day to be, darling, eh ?"

The wretch ; so it was all out at last. The telegraph was meant for Miss Damer, and not for me. Fancy, what a position to be placed in. Oh, I felt so queer ; I'm sure I should have fainted if I hadn't been so angry. When I heard the word wedding-day, I was in such a fury, I could have scratched Miss Emmy's eyes out. Nasty designing creature, with her shy innocent looks, and her silly "He, he, he's !" Innocent, indeed ; I don't believe a bit of it. It's my belief that many girls who are called "sweet innocent creatures," are only innocent because they are ignorant. If they weren't stupid, I'll be bound they wouldn't be more innocent than other people. I'm no humbug, not I. I don't pretend to be better than others, like some girls. If I were a man, I should always distrust your innocent looking girls. They are sure to be deep.

Aunt scolded me so all the way home, and I really was in such bad spirits that I couldn't fight her as usual. To fancy that that poor creature, Bowles, could have behaved so after all he said on board ship. It's just like men's fickleness, I declare. I have no patience with them. It was bad enough to be treated so, without having aunt nagging at me all the way. It's very unkind of her. Oh dear, I wish I was dead. Nobody would miss me, and I'm very miserable. Everybody will know about it too, for Mrs. Damer is sure to tell, even if Bowles doesn't ; but I daresay he will too, for he is a weak stupid fellow, and those sort of men are always spiteful, if you've hurt their vanity. I don't know *what* aunt didn't say, during the drive. She abused me as if I was a governess, said that it served me right for flirting in that wicked manner, that I had disgraced my name, and ever so much more. As for Bowles, she declared she always *knew* he was no gentleman. She swore she never liked him—which was a great story for they were great friends during the last three or four days we were on board ship. At last she got so savage that she said that she would write to her cousin, Sir John Pigg, the East Indian Director, and get him turned out of the army. She quite flew at me because I told her that the directors wouldn't take any notice of that sort of thing, and that she might just as well write to the Archbishop of Canterbury, or the Lord Mayor of London, for all the good it would do.

That afternoon aunt drove to the telegraph office, and inquired about the message Bowles had sent me. After some trouble she found it all out, and how do you think it had happened. The telegraph was directed to

Miss Dalmer (the "1" being put in wrong), so the baboo—who is brother to the baboo in Colonel Jones' office—knowing my name, and never having heard of Miss Damer, who had only arrived in the station ten days before, took it into his stupid head that Miss Emily Damer was a mistake for Miss Emily Aylmer, and sent it to me. Wasn't it provoking. I declare the baboo deserves to be well whipped. To make things worse uncle arrived the next day, and he was furious when aunt told him. They had a long talk together that afternoon, and decided that I should go up the country, to stop with the Talbots, at Sadeepore, directly. I must say I was very glad: anything to get away from odious Dum-dum and its stupid parties.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN ADVENTURE ON THE ROAD—I'M NOT A LADY—IRREGULAR HORSE AND REGULAR ASSES—REFLECTIONS ON THE FOLLY OF CRICKET—A RACE, A BALL, AND A SNUB—HAPPY IS THE WOOING THAT'S NOT LONG A DOING.

SADDEEPORE, *April 15th*, 185—.

OH, what a tedious stupid journey up country I had. Nobody to talk to but the ayah, and that wasn't very amusing. I had one funny adventure on the road, though. I arrived quite late, and very tired, at the Guddeepore Dāk Bungalow and had just gone to sleep when I was woken by hearing the Dāk Khansamah disputing with somebody. I didn't know who it might be, so I jumped up and shut the door. I heard the Khansamah say that they couldn't have my room because there was a Miss Baba in it.

One voice, a man's, then said: "Oh, come along, it's no use bothering; I daresay the other room will do well enough." Then the other replied, in a squeaky woman's voice: "I believe it's all a lie of that fellow's; he doesn't want us to go in there, that's what it is. I'm not going to be put off, I can tell you; I've made up my mind to sleep in that room; you can do as you like."

I was rather frightened at hearing this, as the woman appeared so violent, but I thought it best to be civil, so I called out: "If the lady likes to have half my room, I'm sure she's very welcome."

I was so startled when I heard: "D—n it, what do you mean, ma'am? I'm not a lady; I'm Captain M'Taggart of the 146th Highlanders. Do you wish to insult me?"

All this was in such a squeaky voice, that I still thought it must be a woman, but that she was tipsy. The other person burst out into such a roar of laughter, I thought he would never have stopped; I didn't say a word, I was so frightened, and after a bit they went away. The next morning, my ayah told me that it really was a man, whom I had taken

for a woman the night before, but that he had got a voice just like a woman.

"The other sahib make plenty sport, Miss Baba; he call him Mary, then that sahib he get very angry and beat Khansamah."

At last I got to Sadeepore, where I found the Talbots very kind indeed. Major Talbot is a very good-natured man, but rather stupid. He is commandant of a regiment of irregular cavalry. The saying out here is that any officer, who goes into the irregular horse, must be a regular ass, and I think it's quite true, as far as Major Talbot is concerned. Mrs. Talbot is about forty-five, and a dear old lady. She has got no daughters, which is a comfort; for nobody who has got any daughters of her own out, can be an honest chaperon. She was awfully delighted to get me. It gives her an excuse for going to balls; besides, when a woman is married herself, she likes nothing better than to do love-making over again by proxy. Married women are like tame elephants; having been caught by matrimony themselves, they delight in helping to entrap others: just as a man, who is too old to hunt himself, still enjoys going to the meet, and looking on.

Oh, it's such fun up here, lots of balls, pic-nics, and cricket matches. I can't say I care much about the last. The men are so stupid; they keep staring at the game so, that they hardly speak a word to the ladies. What they can see to like in it, I can't imagine. Two men dressed in white flannel, knocking about a bit of leather, and a dozen more in the same dresses running after that bit of leather, and trying to hit the first two men with it. The latter seem to be always in a terrible fright for fear of being hurt, for they run as fast as possible to get out of the way of the ball. There was a race too, but that was great fun. I won two dozen pair of kid gloves, and lost one dozen, but that doesn't signify, for, of course, the gentlemen can't expect me to pay them. I felt very sorry for the poor horses, they seemed so hot and tired when they came in; and I saw some of the riders whip them quite cruelly. The winners were so proud of themselves, I mean the riders, one would have thought that they had been running instead of the horses.

One of the best riders was a Mr. Bulteel, a civilian. He had such a love of a mauve jacket, and such beautiful shiny boots. He wasn't half so much cheered as the others. The reason was that he is in great disgrace at the station just now, on account of a young lady he was engaged to. Some people say he broke it off, others that it was the girl's papa. All sorts of reports are about as to his neglect whilst he was engaged. They say that, after dinner at her house, he used to go to sleep in the arm-chair, instead of talking spoony to her. I daresay he was very tired, poor fellow, and *she* very stupid. I'm sure it wasn't his fault, for he is such a nice-looking young fellow, and doesn't at all look as if he could do anything wrong. Mrs. Talbot declares it's all stuff, and that the reason the match was broken off, was because Bulteel wouldn't back a bill for the young lady's papa. I am sure I don't know

what backing a bill is ; but I daresay it's something very shocking, and I think it was a great shame to ask him to do it.

Who on earth, of all people, did I meet at the race ! why, Captain Boulton, who had been ordered to join another troop. He appeared so glad to see me again, that I thought I might have a chance with him yet, if I played my cards well. I took care, however, to be only very friendly to him at first, for fear he should suspect. A few days after, there was a ball, and Captain Boulton, who had called twice since the race, danced several times with me. In the last dance he got very sentimental, and said he was tired of being a bachelor and hated mess. I told him he ought to get married. He said, he thought so too, but the difficulty was to find a girl who would accept him. I replied :

"You need not look far, Captain Boulton, I'm sure. I don't know any one who need be less nervous about a rejection. I won't say but what some young girl, just a few weeks out, might not have some whim about your not resembling the hero in her favourite novel, but no one who has had the pleasure of knowing you some time would be likely to say no. I may be wrong, but I speak what I feel, so you mustn't blame me if my idea should turn out incorrect."

"Really, Miss Aylmer, you have put me quite into good spirits. I think I'll try. It wouldn't be at all imprudent of me either, to get married now ; for besides my pay, which isn't bad, a cousin has just died, who has left me a lac of rupees.* You really consider I have a good chance ?"

"I do, indeed."

"Well, then," said he—looking so hard at me that I was positively obliged to cast my eyes down, he stared so—"I will. There's no need to look far. From what you have told me, I don't think I need be afraid. I'll propose this very night."

I simpered, and didn't say a word, for, of course, I expected him to pop every instant. He went on :

"Yet, I don't know, you might be mistaken, after all. Now, tell me candidly, supposing I was to say : 'Miss Aylmer, will you be my wife ?' what would you answer ?"

"Oh, Captain Boulton, what an odd person you are. Well, since you ask me, I would say 'yes.'"

I really couldn't help blushing as he said that ; and I'm afraid my "yes" was so low that he didn't hear me, for he asked me again.

"What did you say, Miss Aylmer ? don't keep me in suspense."

I repeated "yes," and looked up affectionately into his face.

"And do you really think my income would be sufficient to make you comfortable. Are you sure you could be happy as my wife."

"Oh, don't talk about money please, I hate the mention of it, horrid, nasty money. As for my being happy with you, I'm quite certain of that."

* £10,000.

"I'm so glad to hear you say so, for if *you* would accept me, I dare say another girl would. As to marrying you yourself, I did think of that once, but I'm wiser now. I should be far too old, you know. Very well as a fatherly sort of friend, but not as a husband. Thank you, though, for what you've said; I wanted very much to know what chance a man like me would have with a girl. I was rather diffident about it, but you have re-assured me."

He then bowed, smiled, and went off, leaving me standing there all cold and trembling. I thought at first I was going to faint, but that would never have done. I was so choky, I could hardly breathe; but I've too much spirit to give in, so I gave a great gulp and conquered. Oh to think that he should be so cruel, so insolent, so unkind, as to trick me into telling that I would marry him, and then to turn and say, "no thank you," and all because, at Calcutta, I snubbed him by saying I looked on him as a fatherly sort of friend. If he was as at all reasonable he could see it wasn't my fault. Lord Adair and M'Clusky were both making up to me then, and it would have been quite wicked to have thrown away such good chances by flirting with him; I declare the man has neither consideration nor feeling; so ungentlemanly too.

Misfortunes never come single. As I was walking in the garden, after supper, with Mr. Dalton I saw a couple sitting in a summer-house. When I came up I found it was Boulton and a young widow called Mrs. Harcourt. He had got his arm round her waist, and was saying: "Thanks, dearest, for saying 'yes.' I will do my best to make you a good husband, and we'll be so happy, wont we?"

Wasn't it horrid, and how I survived it I don't really know. After these sad, sad wounds to my poor heart, I was in such a state of mind that I felt I could marry almost anybody that asked me; I hadn't long to wait. Exactly that day week Captain Nelson arrived at the Talbots, on his way to Oolta-Poolta Khan, where he had just been appointed assistant commissioner. He is a funny little man, with the top of his head quite bald, but enormous whiskers; just as if he had transplanted his hair from his head to his cheeks. He is rather pompous too, small men generally are, and stretches himself up very much. One would think he had an idea that by taking great trouble he might still grow a little. I don't believe he has left India since he first came to it, yet he takes in the *Court Journal* regularly, though it can't be of the least interest to him. He has got very bright sparkling eyes, and is a good deal marked with the small-pox, so his nick-name is the "Pitt diamond."

He arrived soon after gun-fire, and I didn't see him till breakfast. Directly we met he seemed to fall in love with me, and I could feel his eyes on my face the whole time we were at table. Major Talbot wanted him to come to mess and play billiards, but he preferred stopping with us. He paid me such a lot of compliments that I really felt quite foolish, but yet they were very pleasant I must confess, for I wanted a little flattering badly, after all I had gone through lately. As good luck

would have it no visitors called, so we had a capital cosy flirtation ; and, after tiffin, Mrs. Talbot and her husband went into their own rooms, and had a nap as usual, so we were again left to ourselves. Captain Nelson, certainly, is an agreeable man. I don't know how it is, but after talking with him one always likes one's self a great deal better than one did before. We all rode out together. It was the first time I had ever seen Mrs. Talbot on horseback, for she doesn't often ride. She looked such a dear old fright in her brown Holland habit, I declare for a woman with a bad figure to ride, is quite an offence against her sex. We talked a good deal whilst we were out, and he paid me a lot of attention. At dinner, of course, he had to make himself agreeable to Mrs. Talbot, so I didn't get much of his conversation. Afterwards though, when the Talbots were fast asleep in their arm-chairs, we sat outside in the verandah. I have got a good deal of self-possession, but I must say I was startled when he said to me : "Miss Alymer, I am going off to my new home to-morrow."

I replied that I was sorry to hear it.

He went on : "I can't tell you how sorry I am, much sorrier than I thought I should be, before I arrived here this morning. *Then* I was quite longing to get over the journey, and *now* the idea makes me miserable."

"Can't you stop a little longer then, or would you be scolded very much if you did."

"I don't know about being "scolded," as you call it, but I should probably get a letter, asking me for my reasons ; and as I have never been found fault with in my life, I don't want to begin now. I'm a conscientious man, Miss Aylmer, as you'll find out when you know me better ; and if there's one thing more than another I'm proud of, it's my principles. Besides I've far too high a spirit to stand reproof."

"Then I suppose you *must* go, and there's no help for it."

"Oh yes, I can't stay, that's certain, but I'm very unhappy about it. I assure you I look forward with positive loathing to a dull bachelor existence."

"If you don't like a bachelor life you should get a wife."

"One reason is that I'm very hard to please, and another I have very little time for love-making. It's such nonsense. You see a girl and like her very much : she likes you very much too. You've both made up your minds that the happiest day of your lives would be that on which your marriage took place. Yet, for all that, you go on playing a most stupid tiresome comedy for another fortnight or three weeks ; a comedy too which deceives no one. I must say I believe in love at first sight. Love that requires some six weeks or so to ripen is a fruit, I don't care about. I'm certain that esteem, good connexion, handsome income, and no better offer made, has a good deal of place in it. Depend upon it, Miss Aylmer, that where time and consideration are required, there's very little real love."

"Well, perhaps, you're right, but I fancy courtship is too pleasant a thing for a girl to give up willingly."

"Of course she wouldn't, unless she was a very superior person and above ordinary prejudices."

"I don't know about that, I'm not a superior person, I'm afraid; yet I think I could give up the love-making, if a man, whom I cared about, were to propose to me after a very short acquaintance."

"And you really think you could love a man at first sight?"

"Yes, I fancy so," with a blush and a sigh; "but," laughing, "how sentimental we are getting, and what sad nonsense I've been talking."

"I don't think so, I can assure you; but to return to what we were speaking about. It's not the number of weeks or months one has been acquainted with a person that enables one to know a girl; but the number of hours one has spent in her society, the circumstances under which one has been intimate with her, and the sort of conversations one has had with her. It depends too on the sort of person; if she is frank and warm-hearted, one may actually know more of her after a week's acquaintance, than one would of another girl after a year. Now we haven't been acquainted long; yet I feel as if I knew you thoroughly. I don't at all feel like a stranger to you; I wonder whether you do towards me."

"How very odd; I was just thinking that we seemed to be quite old friends."

"Were you really. I'm very glad of that, because it encourages me to say something to you, which I was half afraid you'd be angry at. Some girls would, but you are superior to them, I'm certain. You know I'm obliged to be off to-morrow, so I can't help being a little abrupt. I fell in love with you as soon as I saw you. I'm sure you would suit me, and my pay is quite enough for me to live very comfortably as a married man. If you like me, why can't we be married?"

Of course, I couldn't help seeing he was in love with me, but this sudden proposal quite startled me; I hardly knew what to answer, so I said:

"Yes, I do like you very much, but really we've known each other such a very short time; what will people say?"

"Say, why it's very romantic; besides they'll soon get tired of talking of us, and we want to please ourselves and not the world. Come now, be a sensible girl and say 'yes;' do."

"Well, then, I do say yes, but I hope to goodness I haven't done a foolish thing. You'll be kind to me, won't you?"

"Thanks, darling, how happy you've made me. Of course, I'll be kind to you. I should like to know how any one could be unkind to you. I may have a kiss, mayn't I; there's no harm now you know." . . .

"Oh, how can you, you make me feel quite ashamed, you naughty man; I declare I'm very angry with you."

"Oh, no, you're not; you know you're not, for there's nobody to see us."

"How sarcastic you are, I'm quite afraid of you."

"But Emily—it seems so odd to call you Emily—there's a great deal to be settled. I *must* go away to-morrow, so why not get married at once and go straight home."

"Oh, that would be so funny, I couldn't. Don't ask me; I never really heard of such a thing."

"Don't be foolish, there's a good girl; be reasonable. Why not, there can be no harm in it. We have made up our minds, so why put it off. Besides, I don't think I could get leave to come away again for the next six months, and I'm sure my patience won't last as long as that."

"But it's so odd, people would stare so."

"Never mind what they do. It's our own affair, I shall think you repent what you've said, and don't care about me, if you won't agree to our being married to-morrow."

I saw that perhaps I might lose him if I hesitated any longer, so I said "very well," and went and woke up Mrs. Talbot, and told her all about it. How astonished she was to be sure.

(To be continued.)

The Lady's Literary Circular:

A REVIEW OF BOOKS CHIEFLY WRITTEN BY WOMEN.

DIARY OF MARY, COUNTESS COWPER, LADY OF THE BEDCHAMBER TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES, 1714-1720. (Murray.)

LORD Chancellor Cowper, as a man of rare talents, of such honesty and public integrity, that the temptations of his high position were as weak as water to corrupt him, lived such a career that it may well be lifted on the shoulders of other ministers, as an example to them, and an encouragement to the rest of the world's workers. In his day his country ennobled him. In this Diary his second wife places upon the pedestal, which history assigns him, a life-like statue, the portrait in immortal stone which her exalted affection, and exquisite sentiment, has carved out of his every-day life. Noble husband, noble wife! the reading world is richer for the life they lived, as indicated in the pages of this clever Diary.

In the above remarks we do but refer to the one grand and distinct impression left on the reader's mind, when the Diary of Countess Cowper is laid down. There are, however, a thousand other lights reflected in the book; lights that fall on courtiers, statesmen, ladies and princes, and reveal character, habits, and principles, to which all future students of English history will be indebted. Nor is Lady Gossip silent: she has many a brocaded anecdote, which dresses up her acquaintance in the clothes they wore, so that we know them nearly as well as the friends we see to-day in Rotten Row, or at the Opera. As a companion volume to the Duke of Manchester's "Court and Society," this delightful Diary will find its way into the hands of the upper classes—men and women; nor will the wide class, of general readers pass by a volume that is more entertaining than a romance.

EASTERN SHORES OF THE ADRIATIC IN 1863; with a Visit to Montenegro.
By the VISCOUNTESS STRANGFORD. (Bentley.)

WHEN a lady tells us her experience, if we only get half of what she might tell, the reader is generally interested with facts and observations that somehow have escaped notice. It is not, therefore, extraordinary

that though many books of travel have been written about Corfu, Albania, Ragusa, Montenegro, and Dalmatia, yet Lady Strangford found the route she took, and the society she visited, offered her many subjects for her note-book. Anecdote biographies of the people she meets, clever descriptions of the places, are given by our lady traveller, and we may be sure a women's book will be further enlivened by her own remarks—the result being a charming book, delightful to read, and interesting as Lady Hornby's "Constantinople."

Our Orchestra Stall.

THE present theatrical season may be called the season of reproductions: these, well selected and represented with a completeness hitherto rarely attempted, have been the best cards of managers. The "*Manfred*" of Drury Lane, introduced Byron's creation to half of the London world, to whom it was before a *terra incognita*; this was the first grand reproduction. At the Princesses, the "*Comedy of Errors*" has proved also a legitimate success, principally through the clever acting, and personal resemblance of Messrs. Webb to each other. As the brothers *Dromio*, the Comedy on the boards creates such genuine comedy amongst the audience, as "Laughter holding both its sides" presents. It is, however, at Drury Lane that the magnificent revival of "*Henry the Fourth*" has become the talk of the town; so that the piece and performance prince and artizan feel themselves bound to see. And, indeed, the excellence in acting, by a most perfect company, made up of celebrated names, and the stage scenes, are such as to warrant us in saying that Shakespeare's play of "*Henry the Fourth*" was never so well and completely represented. Truly the mimic tableaux on Drury Lane stage, in the battle scene, Gadshill, and some lesser scenes, are so illusive that the spectator seems out in the open air, a real witness of a real event. Such being the management's success, the public responds by filling the house nightly; and that this grand play can thus be seen during our Shakespearian enthusiasm is a satisfaction and enjoyment which is as fortunate as it is welcome. Deserved success is the best of all successes, and this now brightens up the latter days of Old Drury.

FEBRUARY 25.

"*Bunkum Muller*" brought out at the Haymarket. His Lordship Dundreary has the principal, in fact the only visible, character to perform, which he does with his customary originality. Mr. H. T. Craven is the author of this farcical monologue, which introduces the audience to an unsuccessful author and disappointed lover: dreadful fate! In such circumstances "*Bunkum Muller*" makes a confidant of Shakespeare's *Bust*, and thus pit, boxes, and gallery, learn the woeful history of his marriage to a captain's widow (whose first husband, however, is not dead), after his opposite balcony neighbour, *Julia*, had refused him. Of course, Dundreary-Muller

"never can make these things out, you know," mis-reading his lady-love's letter, letting off a pistol in the wrong direction, and making his own misfortunes. Then comes the happy change; the author's works are accepted, and he quotes them to his favourite bust; the lover's offers are accepted, and the "Julia" his pistol had killed, comes to life again to make him happy, whilst the bigamist-widow withdraws most conveniently for the plans he has in view. The piece is droll and clever, and its one actor an equal to the sensible absurdity.

MARCH 7.

The "*Area Belle*," a farce by Messrs. Brough and Halliday, brought out at the New Adelphi. The changes rung on this area-bell are the love scenes of a policeman and grenadier (both self-seeking swains), and a faithful milkman, who loves the cook for herself. By an amusing incident the rival grenadier and policeman meet each other in their charmer's kitchen; and, in spite of the cross currents of their passions, they form an amicable coalition, so far as to eat a hearty supper, during which that "Man about a Town," 201, relates a "Horrible Tale," which, in the hands of Mr. Toole, is a very successful narrative. This style of kitchen bliss is suddenly alloyed by the unexpected return of the "missis," who, forsooth, must visit the lower apartments at once. Both lovers are concealed and tortured, but vainly; and the cook, with two strings to her bow, is turned away alone on the wide world. Happy chance! for it discovers to her the true-hearted milkman, who accepts his opportunity and marries off Penelope the cook.

MARCH 28.

"*Venus and Adonis*" produced at the Haymarket. It is from the successful pen of Mr. F. C. Barnaud, whose "*Ixion at the Wheel*," brought out at the New Royalty, was the Extravaganza of last season. The present mode of treating classical stories, making gods, goddesses, and demi-gods think and act, scold and laugh like mere mortals, is popular, but, at the same time, objectionable. To mock what has been revered, to drag down to earth, from Olympus, the pagan mythology, and expose it to derision, may be very funny, and certainly demands much cleverness, but it cannot be approved as educating the heart, and, really, the daily life of men and women furnish ample materials for bon-fires, round which Extravaganza may dance, without our stealing firewood from the "Piny top of Ida." As would be expected at the Haymarket, the piece is cleverly acted and handsomely mounted.

"*Rosalie, or the Chain of Crime*" brought out at Astley's Theatre. It is a long string, knotted with sensations, on the plan of putting in some startling adventure into each chapter, as adopted by serial story-tellers, a method which reduces drama to mere narrative. The incidents in *Rosalie* are simply disagreeable, but some of the scenes are of so much original stage cleverness, that the piece proves highly attractive for its spectacle. This scene of a shipwreck being represented with really wonderful power, indeed better than has before been done within the walls of a theatre. But for this, and other scenes, the piece would not have out-lived its week of production.

Current History of Literary and Scientific Events.

MARCH 1ST.—TUESDAY.

"Autographic Mirror."—The first number of this curious publication has lately appeared. In France a similar periodical, half album, half history and criticism, is issued. The principal aim is implied by its name, and the autographic letters of the world's celebrities are re-produced.

Shakespeare Photographed.—The Rev. Mr. Jephson, last autumn, made a *pilgrimage* (probably took the train to the nearest station !) to Shakespeare's birthplace, home, and grave; and now publishes a description of them with realistic photographic illustrations.

Early English Love-making.—The Tract last published, as a reprint, by Mr. T. Payne Collier, is a long letter in rhyme by a young gentlewoman to her inconstant lover.

MARCH 2D.—WEDNESDAY.

Royal Society of Literature.—The Rev. Professor Leathes read a paper, of high Biblical interest, "On the Meaning of the Words in Genesis xlix. 10, '*Until Shiloh come*,'" to which different scholars give either a direct or prophetic meaning—these believing the words refer to the coming *Messiah*, those to a place.

National Shakespeare Committee.—The following noblemen and gentlemen appointed Executive Committee, relative to the erection of a statue of the Poet in the Green Park :—The Duke of Manchester, the Right Hon. William Cowper, Sir Joseph Paxton, M.P., Mr. Tite, M.P., Professor Donaldson, A. J. B. Beresford Hope, and D. Maclise, Esquires, with Messrs. Dixon and Halliwell as Hon. Secretaries.—On obtaining a sufficient sum of money, in payment and promises, the Committee will invite designs in competition for a statue in bronze under an architectural Elizabethan canopy.

MARCH 3D.—THURSDAY.

Royal Society.—"On the Spectra of Ignited Gases and Vapours," was the paper read.

Artists' General Benevolent Institution.—The last year's income has amounted to £1528. Sixty-six applicants have been benefited with £1120, in urgent cases and otherwise. The cost of management is creditably very small.

Playing Cards.—Mr. John Leighton, whose monogram is found on innumerable book covers, has designed a new cover for a pack of cards : Shakespeare's bust, and illustrations of the seven ages of man.

Society of Antiquaries.—Bronze head of *Minerva*, fitted on a chariot pole, exhibited. Mr. F. M. Nicholls read a paper "On some original Documents, illustrative of the Administrations of Criminal Law in the Reign of Edward the First."

MARCH 4TH.—FRIDAY.

Archæological Institute.—Invitation received from the Engineer of the Great Eastern Railway, for members to determine the extent of deviation necessary in the new line to preserve the Bartlow Tumuli. Communications and discussion on *Rock Symbols*, and the ancient Circular Turf Habitations, near Holyhead. Mr. Hain Friswell exhibited the *Ashborne portrait* of Shakespeare. A supposed Albert Durer picture, which had been bought for a large sum, was shown, but proved to be a *print*.

City Architect and Surveyor.—This important metropolitan appointment has been given to Mr. Horace Jones, who succeeds the late able and popular Mr. Bunning.

Local Schools of Art.—Copies, in chromo-lithography, of the most valuable objects in the National Museum of South Kensington, are to be made and furnished to local schools as a means of study—and for sale to the public.

MARCH 5TH.—SATURDAY.

Dusseldorf and Pesth.—Here preparations are being actively made to commemorate our Shakespeare's Tercentenary. The artists at the first place propose to give selected dramatic scenes and *tableaux vivants* of characters, whilst the theatre at Pesth will represent scenes from the dramas already translated into Hungarian. A translation of the Bard's *complete works* is in progress.

French Winter Exhibition of Paintings, in Pall Mall, closed for the season.

MARCH 6TH.—SUNDAY.

MARCH 7TH.—MONDAY.

Asiatic Society.—Paper read "On Assyrian and Hebrew Chronology," by Mr. Bosanquet. The argument established the correctness of Demetrius, a Hebrew historian of the third century, and which makes the chronology twenty-three years lower than that of Ussher, and in accordance with the Assyrian canon of Sir H. Rawlinson.

Mexico.—The Minister of Public Instruction, in Paris, has nominated an influential Commission to arrange a Government Scientific Expedition to this country. Europe has much to learn, and the labours of the *French savants* will be of general usefulness.

Entomological Society.—F. P. Pascoe, Esq., elected President. Descriptive Catalogue of Insects captured in the Malay Archipelago, by Mr. A. R. Wallace. Paper read "On the Formation of the Cells of Bees," by Mr. Waterhouse.

MARCH 8TH.—TUESDAY.

Institution of Civil Engineers.—The Paper read was "On the Resistance to Bodies passing through Water," by Mr. G. H. Phipps.

Zoological Society.—Papers read "On the Anatomy of the *Eland*," the animal which is expected to give a new dish to English dinner tables. Communications read "On the *Mammals*, the *Birds*, and the *Insects*, collected by Captain Speke during his East African Expedition."

Schools of Art.—Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed to inquire into the present position of the schools wholly or partly supported by Government.

Syro-Egyptian Society.—To drain *Jerusalem*, and supply it with good water, is now one of the benevolent objects of an influential Society. Mr. Whitty, who has written a book upon the subject, read a paper in which all present information had been condensed.

MARCH 9TH.—WEDNESDAY.

British Archaeological Association.—The exhibition of antiquities occupied a great portion of the meeting. Papers read "On Archers' Badges," and "On an Effigy in Ripon Cathedral."

Hyacintha.—First Spring Show at the Royal Horticultural Gardens.

Society of Arts.—Mr. Frank Buckland read a paper "On Fish Hatching;" a subject on which, by experience, he may be reckoned a good authority. Mr. S. Gurney, M.P., was in the chair; a gentleman who, some years ago, tried fish culture in his park, with but indifferent success. The method now, however, is doubtless much improved.

Royal Geological Society.—"Description of Fossil Remains," and "On Missing Sedimentary Formations from Suspension or Removal of Deposits." The latter paper by Dr. Bigsby.

MARCH 10TH.—THURSDAY.

Royal Society.—Paper read "On the Influence of Physical and Chemical Agents upon Blood, etc."

A German Cartoon.—For the Tercentenary of Shakespeare, Herr Lindenschmitt has just executed a cartoon, noble in design and successful in composition. About Shakespeare are grouped, standing or sitting, the whole Parnassus of England, from Milton and his contemporaries down to Tennyson. Milton, Beaumont, Drayton, Coleridge, Shelley, and Byron, Lessing and Goethe, Herder, Schiller, Schlegel, and Tieck, Spencer and Massinger, Sir Philip Sidney, Ben Jonson, Beaumont, and Fletcher, Green and Marlowe, Shirley and Barbage, Dryden, Pope—but the list is too long to complete, since beside poets there are statesmen, commentators, editors, and novelists, beside the mighty Queen Bess herself with her Court. All the many faces are portraits, as good as the artist could make them; and, as a gallery of English and some German celebrities, the cartoon is imposing and valuable.

Society of Antiquaries.—A flint implement found in the drift at Herne Bay; four rare works in ivory, and some rings and brooches, were the principal objects exhibited. A paper "On Subterranean Chambers at Trelowarren," was read by Mr. J. T. Blight.

MARCH 11TH.—FRIDAY.

Mr. Creswick has undertaken to paint six Shakespearian landscapes. Charlecote Park, the Forest of Arden, the Church at Stratford-on-Avon, Anne Hathaway's Cottage, the Town from the River, and the Town from the Church. These are to be copied in chromo-lithography, and published by Mr. Gambart.

MARCH 12TH.—SATURDAY.

Royal Astronomical Society.—Annual General Meeting. Warren de la Rue, Esq., appointed President.

Mulready.—Exhibition at the South Kensington Museum opened to-day. The collection includes 120 oil paintings, and some 1000 sketches and studies on paper, in water colours, pen and ink, pencil and chalks, and the whole form a very complete Life of the artist, to those who can trace his career in his works. To others the exhibition is simply charming.

MARCH 13TH.—SUNDAY.

MARCH 14TH.—MONDAY.

Institute of British Architects.—The paltry conditions under which the Directors invited designs for bank premises on Cornhill, were brought before the meeting by Mr. Marrable, who hoped no member of the Institute would respond. Mr. Beresford Hope read a paper "On the Sky-line in Modern Domestic Buildings."

Rossini.—The long-promised new Mass, by this eminent composer, produced; the singers being the sisters Marchisio, and Signori Gardoni and Agnesi.

Public Libraries' Act.—Doubts as to whether this useful measure, applied to Scotland, have been set at rest, by reference to an extension of the original Act of 1850, to Scotland and Ireland in 1853. The efforts, therefore, in Edinburgh and Glasgow, will not be nullified by technical legislative obstacles.

MARCH 15TH.—TUESDAY.

Anthropological Society.—"On Ethnographical Casts," "On the Sciences of Mind and Language in relation to the Science of Man," and "On the Capabilities of the Negro Race for Civilization," were the important papers read.

Statistical Society.—Anniversary meeting. Col. W. H. Sykes appointed President.

Art-Union of London.—The Council award the premium of £600 to a "Wood Nymph;" the sculptor of which was discovered to be Mr. C. B. Birch.

Royal Society of Musicians.—Anniversary Festival at Freemasons' Hall.

"*Madeleine Graham*."—The authoress of this novel, in a letter of this date, objects to a critic's review of her book. In admitting she had taken the facts of a late notorious trial, as a groundwork for her story, she defends doing so, since nothing "could afford so striking an example of the reversal of all natural feelings and influences on action, in the case of a youthful woman, who sacrifices a preferred lover to the chances of a wealthy marriage and advantageous establishment with another man." She continues: "The universal craving and thirst after money, and the gratifications of vanity, I conceive to be the deep-seated and heart-eating malady of the age." In conclusion, her "object was not the writing of a sensational book, but to expose the pernicious consequence of the reception of French ideas in literature."

MARCH 16TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Meteorological Society.—The "Storm of December 1863," by Lieut.-Colonel Austen, was the paper of most general interest.

Cinderella.—This pretty story which figures in the nursery books of most European languages—and has been claimed by each as original—is now definitely posted to the credit of the East, its source being *Egypt*.

Roman Bath.—The numerous Roman antiquities of this fashionable city, have been at last collected and described by the Rev. Mr. Searth, who is about to publish a work that should form an important addition to Antiquarians' libraries.

Society of Arts.—"They do these things better in France," is now often the key-note of papers, and John Bull takes note. Mr. Burnell read: "On the Organization of the *Corps Imperial des Ponts-et-Chaussées* in France." We suppose London will one day follow the example of Paris in this.

MARCH 17TH.—THURSDAY.

Royal Society.—Three papers read; that "On an Improved Mercurial Barometer," concluding the evening. The two others were by Mr. Tyndall, "On Heat," and Mr. Stewart, "On Sun Spots."

Two Hundred Guineas.—The Crystal Palace Directors, who have now established a permanent Picture Gallery, offer this sum to the artists of the best pictures forwarded to them this season for exhibition. Considering that the painters will still have their prize picture to sell, these £210 will, as a *bonne bouche*, form a capital dessert.

Numismatic Society.—The principal paper was that "On Ancient Indian Weights," by Mr. Edward Thomas.

Celtic Literature.—The fourteenth session of instruction taught at New College, Edinburgh, terminated. The Rev. T. M'Laughlan received from his pupils a copy of the "The Sculptured Stones of Scotland," and a strong wish was manifested to found a professional chair at Edinburgh University. At Glasgow a similar wish has taken the form of an influential Committee.

MARCH 18TH.—FRIDAY.

Palæontological Society.—Annual General Meeting. W. J. Hamilton, Esq., elected President. Upwards of £11,000 have been spent in advancing the Society's objects.

The Right Day.—The proposed Festival on the 23d of April has brought out a fact very well, but not generally, known: Mr. M'Carthy and others show that Cervantes and Shakespeare did not die on the 23d April; Cervantes did, but in England the *New Style* of time had not been adopted. There is then just ten days' difference, and May the 3d must be reckoned the real anniversary.

The National Shakespeare Committee at last partly announce their programme for the London Festival. The large New Building of the Agricultural Hall, at Islington, will be used on the 21st for a grand Concert; on the 22d, a masque, visitors dressing in Shakespearian costume and characters, whilst the attendants will, in Elizabethan dresses, serve sack, canary, etc.; on the 23d, colossal statue-bust of the Poet to be crowned by the Working Men's Committee, whilst at Drury Lane, and the principal other London theatres, a Shakespearian drama will be performed. The National Portrait Gallery, containing the *Chandos* Shakespeare, will be open during the week.

MARCH 19TH.—SATURDAY.

M. Gounod's "Mireille."—This anxiously expected opera produced at the Théâtre Lyrique with great yet qualified success. As the work of the composer of "Faust," we may anticipate "Mireille" will cross the Straits of Dover.

Royal Botanic Gardens.—First Exhibition of spring flowers.

English Opera.—This night was very interesting as the last of Miss Louisa Pyne and Mr. Harrison's management of Covent Garden.

Somnambulism and Dreaming.—This subject, always interesting, has lately been (February 19) the theme of a long discourse at the Royal Institution, delivered by W. S. Savory, Esq. As a scientific condensation of what is known, the discourse is valuable and would be acceptable to the public in the form of a cheap pamphlet.

MARCH 20TH.—SUNDAY.

MARCH 21ST.—MONDAY.

£800,000.—The Gould and Curry Silver Mine in California has yielded £800,000 worth of ore in seven months, out of which about half was distributed to the Company as dividend profits.

New Motive Power is announced as having been invented in Florence. A vacuum is produced within cylinders by the explosion of a mixture of atmospheric air, with inflammable gas, without noise and free from danger. It is reckoned a horse power can be obtained at one-third of a penny per hour, and the principle is applicable both to marine and locomotive engines.

Railway Communication.—The French Minister of Public Works has cut a scientific knot by a decree that, within three months from date of circular, the Railway Companies are to establish permanent communication between guards and drivers of engines—how (!) it is to be done, is wisely left to the railway engineers.

MARCH 22D.—TUESDAY.

Zoological Society.—Dr. Gunther read the first part of an account of a large collection of fishes, made by Captain Dow and Messrs. Salvin and Godman, at Panama, amongst which are several new species. Several communications and exhibitions of novelties occupied the meeting.

Chair of Celtic Literature.—A Committee has been formed to consider the best means of founding this professorship in Glasgow University.

New Colour.—Professor Hoffmann has patented a process for producing several new shades of violet from iodine.

MARCH 23D.—WEDNESDAY.

Geological Society.—"On some new Fossils from the Lingula Flags of Wales," and "On the Millstone Girt of North Staffordshire, Derbyshire, Cheshire, and Lancashire," were the two evening papers.

Behnes.—Mr. George Cruickshanks as hon. treasurer, is acting with several other gentlemen to place a memorial bust over the grave of this unfortunate sculptor, at Kensal Green. Under happier influences Behnes had talent enough to have achieved a still higher position in art than he obtained, and with such position, the wealth and independence he much needed.

Ancient Burial Ground.—At Helmingham, a village in Suffolk, some trench work little more than a foot deep, revealed a great deal of pottery, bones of men and animals, and a large number of skeletons in cysts of earth. The discovery is of much antiquarian interest and will doubtless be shortly described at our learned Societies.

MARCH 24TH.—THURSDAY.

National Gallery.—"The Death of Major Pierson," by Copley, and a very large work by A. Van Der Neer, have been acquired. The latter is one of the finest specimens of vigorous Dutch Landscape Painting, and will represent a section of Art in which we have few examples.

Hungary.—The strong expectation of discovering a National Library, amongst the unsearched shelves at Constantinople, has been disappointed. Only some twenty-three volumes chiefly works of the Fathers of the Church, have been found.

Select Committee on Schools of Art.—The House of Commons has appointed Sir Stafford Northcote, and Messrs. Adderly, Basley, Cave, E. Egerton, E. Ewing, W. Ewart, Gregson, Lowe, Maguire, A. Mills, Potter, Tite, and Trefusis.

MARCH 25TH.—FRIDAY.

Scaling Ladders.—Mr. Fawcus, of Tynemouth, has invented a method of connecting ladders with a steel spring—the heads of the latter fitting with the feet, indiscriminately, adapt them for fire-escapes.

Different Systems.—During the last seven years, of the number of convicts discharged from English prisons 24 per cent. were recommitted—under the Irish system only 11 per cent. relapsed.

MARCH 26TH.—SATURDAY.

Stationers' Hall.—In 1863 were registered 1534 British books, 818 Foreign books, and 3611 works of art.

Natural History Fact.—In Inverness-shire, in the Port Blair Forest, a wild cat has just been shot; it weighed about twelve pounds and a half.

Society of Painters in Water Colours.—The Winter Exhibition, this day, closed for the Season.

MARCH 27TH.—SUNDAY.

MARCH 28TH.—MONDAY.

New Green Colours.—M. Guignet, for the preparation of non-injurious green for printing, and M. Bouffe for a substitute for arsenical green in the preparation of artificial flowers, have both been handsomely rewarded by the French Academy of Sciences.

The Lake Regions, not in pleasant Cumberland, but in burning Africa, have been vividly described by that unresting traveller, Captain R. F. Burton. Like Speke, and nearly all discoverers, Captain Burton finds there is not a corner of the world can be described, or anecdotes of any race given, but that there are scientific critics to dispute the traveller's science, and unbelieving readers to doubt the traveller's tales. In the present case, Mr. W. D. Cooley attacks Captain Burton's commissions and omissions with so much success, that a Burton and Cooley controversy results to mystify the general public, and interest those few geographical scholars who have been everywhere and know everything.

MARCH 29TH.—TUESDAY.

Indian Coal.—A vein of lignite, supposed to be inexhaustible, has been opened in the Punjab, and is used on the railway.

The Pearl in the Oyster.—A lover of these luncheon dainties at Kirkwall came upon one containing seven pearls, one of which was as large as a pea.

Landship.—A few days ago some seven acres of land left their moorings, near Weymouth, and slipped off to sea. Geology gains ground year after year whether the sea swallows up or the central fires raise islands and mountains.

MARCH 30TH.—WEDNESDAY.

Society of Arts.—Mr. B. H. Paul read his paper "On Artificial Lights and Lighting Materials."

The Seallions have come.—These very welcome visitors have appeared thus early near Old Windsor. We are sorry their summer quarters were not quite ready for them, the thermometer being eight degrees below freezing point, rather a cold reception.

Paraffin Lamps.—Mr. Haseltine, of Southampton Buildings, has patented a method whereby the top of the wick is made accessible for trimming, etc.

MARCH 31ST.—THURSDAY.

Statistics.—11,500 miles of railway are now open in the United Kingdom, and have absorbed £400,000,000 of capital.

Young Humpy.—At Manchester one of the camels, in a menagerie, gave birth to a fine male calf, which is doing "as well as can be expected," indeed better, since it is thriving, and that is more than any young camel has ever done before in England.

Post Letters.—The retirement of Sir Rowland Hill from office has elicited, among other facts, that the number of letters chargeable, seventy-six millions under the old system, has now risen to 642 millions, whilst the people's penny brings in a much larger surplus profit them the old dear rate. The Society of Arts' first gold medal has been awarded to Sir Rowland.

SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM.

A temporary SHAKESPEARIAN MUSEUM, to contain old editions of the Poet's Works, or any tracts or relics illustrative of them, has been formed at Stratford-on-Avon. Mr. HALLIWELL is actively engaged in collecting for this object, and he will be glad either to receive as presents for the Museum, or to purchase, any articles suitable to be preserved there. Persons owning any Shakespeariana, would much oblige by communicating with "J. O. HALLIWELL, Esq., No. 6 St. Mary's Place, West Brompton, London, S.W."

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